

The Nation.

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The Week.

Gen. Reeve of Minnesota adds his name to the now long list of American soldiers and sailors who have seen service in the Philippines, and who lay the blame of the wretched war on McKinley's blundering policy. The suggestive interview with him published in the *San Francisco Call*, attesting the high capacity, intelligence, and education of the Filipino leaders, is only an echo of Dewey and Lawton—of everybody, in fact, who has seen them at home, instead of ignorantly railing at them from afar, like Gov. Roosevelt. Gen. Reeve had unusual opportunities at Manila and Malolos to study the Filipinos, and he speaks in strong condemnation of the proclamation which Otis, under McKinley's orders, issued last January, and which treated them as if they were "half-civilized savages." "Conciliatory methods," says this important witness, "would have prevented the war." And he adds that Admiral Dewey has "on several occasions" stated that "a wise policy of conciliation would have averted the war." All which is simply saying that we owe the war, with all its calamities and disgraces, to the dull politician in the White House, who thought last January that he was an Olympian conqueror at whose nod the isles would smoke and the ends of the earth would tremble.

One remark, interjected into the *Call's* interview with Gen. Reeve by the reporter who secured it, is very significant. It was, no doubt, made on a hint from the General, and is this:

"Doubtless the American public would read with much interest a dispatch which Admiral Dewey cabled to the President last December in response to a message wired by the President requesting the Admiral's views of the situation in the Philippines."

We have before spoken of the extraordinary pains which the President has taken to keep Congress and the people ignorant of Admiral Dewey's views about the Philippines. He professes to want Congress to tell him what to do, but he gives Congress none of the information that lies before him. Secrecy, garbled dispatches, and the censor are his ways of letting the dear people know what is going on. But he cannot for ever go on burrowing. Sooner or later the truth will come out. When Congress calls for Dewey's dispatches they will have to be made public, or else their further concealment will be worse than publishing them. Suppose the Admiral himself calls for them?

The historian of this epoch a half century or so hence will have an extraordinary picture to draw of the welcome which the "imperial city of New York" is about to extend to Admiral Dewey. In the background will be the city itself, gay with banners and crowded to its utmost limits with millions of enthusiastic and admiring people. In the foreground a committee of welcome, with Richard Croker as its most conspicuous figure! Was ever a great hero subjected to such treatment as that from his admiring countrymen? Was ever a great city called upon to suffer the humiliation of having for its representative a man of that type? It is not necessary to specify the leading qualities of Croker or the chief episodes in his career. They are known to all men. What honest man would take him by the hand or ask him into his house? What reputable club in this city would permit him to become a member? Yet we force Admiral Dewey to take his hand and to treat him as worthy of his respect. Nothing could more clearly reveal the confused moral perceptions of this community than the general acquiescence in Croker's selection for this position. When the average citizen has asked, "What good will it do to protest?" he has done all that he thinks it necessary for him to do in the emergency. We wonder that the Mayor did not ask Bishop Potter to stand by Croker's side when Dewey should be received in the city's name.

Gov. Roosevelt cut a sorry figure in his attempt to force the G. A. R. to the head of the line of the Dewey parade. He was so eager to show his irrepressible love for the veterans that he did not stop to ascertain whether as Governor he had any power in the matter, and was so eager to have the world know what he had done that he could not wait till his message to Gen. Roe had reached that officer, but hastened to the nearest county fair and told the farmers of it, thus making it very plain that his passion for everybody who has been a "fighter" anywhere is closely associated with a passion to make political capital and endear himself to the "soldier vote." The incident seems to emphasize, what his recent conduct in more ways than one has shown, that political ambition has obtained complete possession of him, and that his chief anxiety henceforth will be to do nothing which will offend the powerful forces in politics, be they machines, bosses, or professional veterans.

Gov. Roosevelt had a great opportunity as a life-long champion of civil-service reform to say a few earnest words

on that subject in his Ohio speech, but we regret to notice that he missed it utterly. The Ohio platform, Gov. Roosevelt must know, approved the President's "backward step," thus giving its support to a complete reversal of party policy. He is on record as saying that we shall fail in our efforts to rule our new possessions if we do not apply to our service in them the most rigorous civil-service-reform principles. It is true that he has said little or nothing on this point in his recent speeches, but he has had no such provocation to speak out as he had in Ohio, for the party there is committed to imperialism with the spoils system. What became of our Governor's joy in a fight when he was confronted with this opportunity? "Oh, my countrymen, dare to be great," he said to the farmers of his own State. How could he have shown more greatness than by standing up boldly in the face of the Ohio Republicans, and rebuking them for their conduct toward civil-service reform? Is the duty of crushing the Filipinos so imperative that even civil-service reform, like the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, must be sacrificed in order to bring it about?

Hanna makes it plain that he will be at the front as the manager of the Republican campaign in Ohio. McLean, the Democratic boss and candidate of his party for Governor, has already assumed management of the canvass on the other side. There is a third factor in the contest, and both Hanna and McLean are puzzled as to its importance. This is the independent candidacy for the Governorship of Mayor Jones of Toledo. The politicians in both of the old parties began by ridiculing the idea that there could be anything serious in this movement, but they grow less and less sure that it can be disregarded. About 65,000 signatures have already been secured to the petitions requesting that Jones's name be put upon the official ballot, and if every signer should really vote for the Toledo Mayor, as he engages to do, his candidacy might turn the scales in a close contest between the old parties, according as the bulk of his support came from the Republicans or the Democrats. The general opinion has been that Jones would draw more largely from the class which usually votes the Democratic ticket, but it is quite conceivable that a good many Republicans, who are disgusted with a choice between tickets named by the two bosses, may conclude to cast their ballots this time for "the Golden Rule candidate."

The custom among Massachusetts Democrats, ever since national conven-

tions were introduced, has been to elect the delegates apportioned to the State by the call for such a national convention through local conventions in the various Congressional districts, only the few delegates "at large" being named by a State convention, which was, of course, convened after the call for the national convention had been issued. In 1896 the State convention for this purpose met on the 21st of April, and the district conventions at various dates during the next few weeks. The call for the Democratic national convention of 1900 will not be issued for months, and yet George Fred Williams, the boss of the Democratic machine in Massachusetts, insisted upon the perpetration of a double usurpation by his State convention on Thursday—the choice of delegates long before there is any warrant for their selection according to all party rules, and the naming of all the delegates for the various Congressional districts by a State gathering, for the first time in history. The platform of principles fitly complemented this revolutionary action. It explicitly reiterates "belief in the financial plank of the Chicago platform," and renews the "demand for the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver at the ratio of 16 to 1." It pronounces the platform of the convention of 1896 a "political code written not for a year or for a single campaign, but for all time, being made up, as it is, of the fundamental principles of Democracy, upon the acceptance and enforcement of which alone a free government of, by, and for the people can be maintained."

The rest of the platform is good, bad, and indifferent. The best part is that which characterizes the war in the Philippines as "a war of criminal aggression," which is "wanton and needless," and "in violation of the principles of American constitutional liberty, not only because it is prosecuted by the Administration without the Congressional action which the Constitution prescribes, but because it is a denial of that right of self-government which, from the day our forefathers faced the British at Concord bridge, has been a cardinal precept of American political philosophy"; and which "demands that to the Filipinos, as to the Cubans, shall be said to-day that they are and of right ought to be free and independent," and "holds that such a declaration, coupled with the expression of the purposes of the United States to protect the islands from the assaults of any foreign Power, would speedily restore order, purge our national honor of the stain put upon it by injustice and bad faith, and advance American trade in the far East."

It now looks as though each party was going to lose a State which it ought

to carry in November, because of internal quarrels. On general principles the Democrats should have recovered the Governorship in Kentucky without great difficulty, because, when they are united, they outnumber the Republicans. But the fight between Goebel and the anti-Goebel Democrats has become so bitter that it is hard to see how the Republican candidate for Governor can fail to win, even though there is disaffection in his party. In Maryland, on the other hand, the Republicans ought to have stood the better chance this year, as their behavior since their success in electing the Governor four years ago on the whole warrants a continuation of public confidence. But the factional quarrel which has been raging between Senator Wellington and Gov. Lowndes has grown so bitter that there is at last an open split, and all the indications now are that the Democrats will carry the State. No question of principle seems to be involved, and the incident only illustrates how demoralizing the possession of power is apt to prove to a minority party which accidentally becomes the majority.

The conference on the subject of Trusts at Chicago a fortnight ago was followed last week by a gathering of Governors and Attorney-Generals at St. Louis to discuss anti-Trust measures. The chief promoter of this movement was Gov. Sayers of Texas, who is one of the bitterest enemies of Trusts in the country. His professed object was to get together the executives and law officers of the various States throughout the Union, and to have them agree upon a line of common action. Democratic Governors and Attorney-Generals in the South generally fell in with the idea, but Republican officials as a rule were rather shy of the conference. Nobody went to St. Louis from any State east of the Alleghenies, and the only Republican officials from the whole country who appeared were the Attorney-General of Indiana, Gov. Shaw of Iowa, and Gov. Pingree of Michigan—if the last named can be regarded as belonging to any but the Pingree party. The second session of the conference was enough to show the hopelessness of expecting united action from such a body. In the afternoon Gov. Shaw of Iowa ridiculed the speech made by Gov. Stephens of Missouri in the morning, and announced that he was going home, as the Republican Attorney-General of Indiana did a little later.

When it came to the stage of framing resolutions, the conference roared as gently as any sucking dove. It was resolved that any attempted monopolization or restraint of trade should be "adequately and fully" defined as a crime. That expedient has been tried thoroughly,

with well-known results. It was also resolved that every State should pass laws for "the adequate and proper control" of corporations. There is no novelty in this proposition. Reports from corporations to the State and examinations by State officers were recommended—another well-tried experiment. A further resolution was to the effect that no corporation should be allowed to do business in any State if it was not empowered to do business in the State where it was chartered. It can scarcely be contended that monopoly will be checked by any such restraint as this. Equally futile is the resolution that no corporation shall be formed by another corporation, or own stock in a competing corporation; and the same is true of the prohibition of the holding office or stock in one corporation by the officers of another, "engaged in a similar or competitive business, the object or result of which is to create a monopoly." All the resolutions adopted, it is not unfair to say, were simply puerile in character, so far as they were not mere restatements of existing laws. Not much was expected from this gathering, but even the sound and fury with which it opened gave place to familiar platitudes at its close. The country must obtain deliverance from monopolies through other champions than these Governors.

There is great jubilation among the Sheehanites over their success in wresting control from the Crokerites in the Ninth District, and some of them go so far as to claim that Croker's power as boss has been broken. We hope this will prove to be the case—not that Sheehan as a leader is to be preferred to Croker, but because we hail with joy anything that looks like a rupture of the Tammany organization. There is a familiar saying about the dues of honest men in such crises which is applicable here. Croker's chief source of power has been his control of the patronage of the city, and the consequent belief among his followers that if they were to quarrel with him their means of subsistence would be cut off. If Sheehan and other recalcitrants can show that this is not the case, that a Tammany man can brave Croker's displeasure and still get a living out of the city in one way or another, a serious revolt may come at any time, for Croker has been so hog-gish in his demands for the profits of the business that he has made a great many enemies in the organization. It is only a question of time when the split will come, for no party ever yet had patronage to satisfy everybody in it.

It is difficult to comment with the respect due to the bench upon the remarkable exhibition which was made before the Mazet Committee on Monday. One after another, eleven justices of our Su-

preme Court took the witness chair and told how much money they had paid down in cash in return for a nomination, the prices ranging from \$3,500 to \$10,000, and to sums which the witnesses were unable to recall precisely. The greater number of them had paid the money direct to Tammany Hall or to Croker. We are quite ready to accept the word of these justices that their conduct on the bench has not been influenced by this transaction. We are also quite ready to give full weight to the reasons they advance in extenuation of the payments as "contributions" to the necessary expenses of the campaign. We are quite ready also to look upon them as the unwilling victims of a bad system, which is the natural outgrowth of the corrupt politics of a great city. But when all has been said in their defence that can be said, what are the exact facts in the case? Who is the man who fixes the price that shall be paid, and what is the price paid for? Everybody knows that during the past ten or fifteen years the price has been fixed by the boss of Tammany Hall, and has been fixed, not on the nomination, but on the certainty of election. Croker, no more than Kelly before him, sells the nomination—he sells the seat on the bench through the guarantee of election to it. The nature of this transaction becomes perfectly clear if we suppose for a moment that judges are appointed rather than elected, and that each Supreme Court justice pays Gov. Roosevelt a fixed sum for his place, the sum going into the campaign fund as a contribution to the expenses of the election. There are no legitimate campaign expenses which justify for a moment such assessments as the justices paid. The simple fact is that their position is regarded as one of the prizes of politics, as a "good thing" or "plum," and the boss and the organization demand a percentage of its salary as the condition of granting it.

Something seems to have been saved from the wreck caused by President McKinley's order "taking the starch out" of the civil-service law. One of the worst changes authorized by the Executive was the permission given for persons holding temporary appointments at Washington to secure permanent places without passing a competitive examination. The Attorney-General, however, has given an opinion that the amendment to rule 8 applies only to those persons holding temporary appointments who had been certified by the Civil-Service Commission for such temporary appointment. This shuts out from the possibility of transfer to the permanent rolls nearly all the large number of persons on the temporary rolls of the War and Treasury Departments, who supposed that they were sure of their places, as they were appointed by the heads of these depart-

ments during the Spanish war without certification from the Civil-Service Commission.

So little has yet been done in this country toward the protection of our forests that any step in this direction, in whatever part of the United States, is cause for national satisfaction. Six years ago some public-spirited citizens of Pennsylvania induced the Legislature to authorize the appointment of a Forestry Commission, and Gov. Pattison, himself a Democrat, selected as its head Dr. Joseph T. Rothrock, a Republican, who was universally admitted to be the best man for the place. Two years later, when a single Commissioner of Forestry was given charge of the matter, Gov. Hastings appointed Dr. Rothrock, with the approval of all good citizens. Under his leadership, acts have been passed by the Legislature for the creation of forest reservations at the headwaters of the State's chief rivers, and for the purchase by the State of unsettled lands sold for taxes, with a view to creating forest reservations out of them, while a body of fire wardens has been established to protect the forests from burning. On every public ground, Dr. Rothrock deserved reappointment when his term expired. But, although a Republican in his opinions, he is no politician, and hungry office-seekers clamored for his place as a reward for their services to the party or the machine. There was fear that the Quay Governor would yield to these demands, but he has happily disappointed the public by commissioning Dr. Rothrock for another four years. The advocates of forestry reform throughout the country will be encouraged by this evidence that the movement has already grown strong enough to command the respect of the politicians.

As the Transvaal case is left by the latest official dispatches, England has now sponged the slate clean, and is to draw up entirely new proposals (the polite name for a demand with guns behind it). This is unfortunate, as the two governments were within a hair's breadth of complete agreement. If, asked Krüger, I give you the five years' franchise and a fair proportion of seats in the Raad, will you be contented, and will you let me alone thereafter? Both Sir Alfred Milner and the British Agent at Pretoria answered that, on those terms, they thought it safe to say that Great Britain would not, in fact, interfere any further. But Krüger requested a positive agreement not to interfere again, and on that the whole thing broke down. It was just the distinction between, "I do not intend to interfere," and "I agree not to interfere." Surely, a fair adjustment of the inconsequential difference could have been made by negotiators more anxious to be generous

and keep the peace than to stickle for trifles. But now the two sides are wrangling over an issue of veracity—most dangerous of themes for diplomats—and the British cabinet is beginning all over again. The resulting situation is ugly, but does not necessarily mean war. Probably Krüger will make the needed concessions at the last moment. But what a villain he is not to take the advice of the English correspondents in Natal, and strike the first blow, as they are so anxious to have him, so that they may then go in and kill him with a good conscience!

The most trenchant comment on the old-age pension movement that has yet appeared is the resolution unanimously adopted by the recent Trade-Union Congress in England. This pension scheme has been supported by some well-meaning people, such as the editors of the *Spectator*, because it was so carefully guarded. To concede any more would be going straight to destruction; but to pension only deserving people above sixty-five years of age, who have done their best to avoid the workhouse, would be an inexpensive concession and all that could reasonably be demanded. The Trade-Union Congress gave its hearty approval to the old-age pension idea, but it demanded some modifications, which show what the movement will lead to when it is once started. In the first place, it was resolved that no scheme would be acceptable to the workers of the country which limited pensions to those who were thrifty, or which disregarded "the inability of a large proportion of the industrious and deserving poor to make provision for the future." Moreover, the age-limit was set too high; every one more than sixty years old ought to have a pension. Furthermore, whoever became incapacitated from following his or her employment should receive a pension from the time when the disability began. The expense of this enlarged scheme was to be met by a properly graduated income-tax, which would compel the rich to do their duty in helping the poor. This congress professes to represent not far from a million voters, and their resolutions might well cause the most ardent advocates of old-age pensions to hesitate before they introduce an innovation which is escaping from their control as soon as it is formulated. We know in this country what a frightful power for evil a body of pensioners can become. They nearly bankrupted the Treasury under President Harrison, and if one country could ever learn from the experience of another, England might well consider our plight. But this policy of "doles" has been held out to the English people, and neither party now dares to pronounce against it. It will probably compel the retrenchment of military expenses, but otherwise its results can be only mischievous.

THE PHILIPPINE MURDER WILL
OUT.

President McKinley's policy of secrecy and suppression, garbling and the censor, in respect of the Philippines, is beginning to bear its inevitable fruit. Such head-in-the-sand stupidity was sure, sooner or later, to get a tremendous blow *à posteriori*, like the one Carlyle described, at the end of his 'Cromwell,' as falling upon the British ostrich-public. If there is one thing the American public will not stand, it is being deliberately lied to by its rulers. If there is one thing which no system of military discipline or official terrorism can long force American officers to do, it is to suppress facts in order to conceal blunders. "Leakages" are sure to occur. "Indiscretions" are certain to be committed. The harder the President squats on the safety-valve, the higher will he be blown when the explosion does take place.

The latest revelations, in the shape of letters from naval officers of high rank serving on the Asiatic station, were printed (without comment) in Sunday's *Tribune*, and make a melancholy wreck of the Administration version of the situation in the Philippines. What has been the McKinley picture of affairs there? Why, it has represented the army and navy and the Philippine Commission working together in perfect harmony; all good natives on our side; the insurgents nothing but bandits and cut-throats, whose only encouragement came from miserable traitors in this country. But the truth has been trickling out from time to time, and has now swollen to a stream of such volume that it has completely swept away the mass of deception and prevarication which the Government at Washington has tried to impose on the people. We have learned, little by little, that Admiral Dewey and all the higher naval officers were opposed to the war, which they considered entirely unnecessary; that they have thought it as blunderingly conducted as it was needlessly brought on; and that they have burned with shame and indignation at the "lying reports," as Dewey called them to Otis's face, which that General, under orders from Washington, has sent home so as not to "hurt" McKinley. We have also learned that the officers of the navy, and all the members of the Philippine Commission except Otis, fully recognize the fitness of the Filipinos to govern themselves; and that there now exists, outside the patch of land our troops hold, a "strong and perfect" control by an insurgent government. Instead of an entire agreement among Americans on the spot, we have discovered that there were all along sharp dissensions, both as to the proper policy and its execution; the difference becoming so acute that Dewey at one time threatened to seize Otis's gunboats as "a menace to the

public safety." All these disclosures make it highly probable that Admiral Dewey is really coming home in disgust, desiring to sever himself from a policy which he regards as Ossa heaped on Pelion in the way of blunders.

Of almost equal deadly effect with these naval letters to the *soi-disant* imperialist *Tribune* is an interview with Otis published the same day in the unmistakably imperialist *Sun*. The stuff he talks in it is of such incredible folly that he ought to be, and probably will be, made by angry orders from Washington to repudiate it. He speaks of the natives having a silly "craze" for independence; says that it would be a mistake to put down the insurrection "too soon" (which he certainly has not done), as the natives will speedily be sick of the independence for which they are ready to lay down their lives; and warns the American Congress above all not to meddle with him in any particular, not to do anything by way of conciliatory legislation to heal what is fast becoming the open sore in the Philippines, which the ignorance and pride of our rulers have created to take the place of 'Livingstone's' open sore of Africa. Talk about anti-imperialist tracts! These two publications of the imperialist press on one day—of the naval officers' letters and the Otis interview—are the most powerful documents that could possibly be issued by the Anti-Imperialist League.

And everybody will suspect that the worst has not been told. When we catch a man lying in one particular, we believe he has been lying in all. The fact is that the President, by keeping back the truth, has only made it more fatal for him when it does see the light. How many dispatches of Dewey's has he locked up at Washington? All we know is that he has not published one, except those of naval routine, since the Paris treaty. Schurman had to speak out in self-defence; suppose Dewey should? When Congress meets and demands all the dispatches, will not Mr. McKinley then appear very like a man sitting on a volcano? What we say is that he is already reaping the fruits of his policy of suppression, and that they will surely grow more bitter as time goes on.

Another thing to be said in the light of all these accumulating revelations is, that they show afresh the immense folly of trying to treat the Philippine question as if it were simply one for military force. "I ask myself," said John Morley, "whether the man with the sword, blundering in and slashing at the knots that patient statesmen ought to have untied, is not responsible for half the worst catastrophes in the political history of Europe." We have had the blundering swordsman; now let us have the patient statesman. The knot is now a hard one to untie, but slashing at it with the sword is the remedy of incurable

boys, like Gov. Roosevelt. He and his little playmates discuss the whole question in purest nursery fashion. The Filipinos are "bad"; all who do not agree that they ought to be killed are "traitors," and would "dishonor" the American flag; what we must do is to cry out with Metetrnich, "My God! how right I am and how wrong all the rest are!" But the Philippine difficulty has long since passed out of the scope of a man who

"—hears loud oracles and talks with gods."

We have had enough of brute force and blundering; let us try patient statesmanship; let us, despite the warnings of Gen. Otis, ask the American people, through their representatives in Congress, what they think, what they would see done.

STATUS OF OUR CONQUESTS.

The country has shown great patience in awaiting some final determination of the status of the territory ceded by Spain. To the ordinary mind it would seem clear that Porto Rico became a part of the United States on the ratification of the treaty by which it was ceded. The Administration, however, became aware, as soon as it had acquired title to this island, that it had acquired at the same time some of the most alarming political difficulties that could possibly be imagined. If Porto Rico was part of the United States, it would follow that no duties could be imposed on merchandise transported thence to other parts of the country, or thither from other parts of the country, nor could any duties be levied in Porto Rico on imports from foreign countries except such as were prescribed by the general tariff enacted by Congress. We need not dwell at present on what this would mean to the beet-sugar industry in the Western States or the tobacco-growers of the East. The Administration knew very well what trouble would arise on this score, and it has helplessly let matters drift, hoping for something to turn up which would solve the problem. Meanwhile it has collected duties in Porto Rico which are unquestionably illegal, except on the supposition that Porto Rico is not in the United States. Where it belongs, if not there, no one ventures to state; but the existence of the Republican Administration depends on its maintaining that, although Spain ceded Porto Rico to the United States and the United States accepted the cession, and although Spanish sovereignty is absolutely extinguished there and that of our own Government replaces it, somehow Porto Rico is not included in our country.

This fiction is convenient so long as it can be preserved, but it is quite incredible that it can survive the examination of the Supreme Court of the United States. International law no more than common law recognizes the seat of

a title as *in nubibus*. Porto Rico belonged to Spain, and if it no longer belongs to her, it must belong to us. There is no intermediate state during which ceded territory belongs nowhere. On this point, and on the question of the legality of duties, our Supreme Court long since laid down the law so positively and so conclusively as to make it impossible for any different decision to find support either in law or in reason. In the case of *Cross et al. vs. Harrison*, which Mr. Winslow Warren of Boston has lately brought to public attention, the circumstances were in all material respects parallel with those which now prevail regarding Porto Rico. In that case an action was brought to recover duties paid on goods imported into California during the period between the treaty with Mexico in 1848 and the formal establishment of a civil government by Congress. During part of this period a military government existed, succeeded, when peace was made, by a de-facto government. The military government collected duties according to an arbitrary war tariff, but the de-facto government collected them under the tariff of the United States.

The decision of the Supreme Court substantially adopted the position taken by Mr. Buchanan, as Secretary of State. He declared that so long as war continued, the military government had power to levy duties or do any act which any government might do, according to the recognized principles of international law. So now, so long as the war with Spain lasted, our military government in Porto Rico had the same powers. But, Mr. Buchanan continued, by the conclusion of the treaty of peace the military government which was established under the laws of war ceased to derive its authority from this source of power. Nevertheless, as some government was indispensable "on the great ground of necessity," it became the government of California de facto. And so, as we say now, the government of Porto Rico ceased to be a military government as soon as peace was made, but became, and is, a de-facto government.

What, now, are the powers of this de-facto government? Let us hear what was held fifty years ago:

"This government de facto will, of course, exercise no power inconsistent with the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, which is the supreme law of the land. For this reason, no import duties can be levied in California on articles of growth, produce, or manufacture of the United States, as no such duties can be imposed in any other part of our Union on the productions of California. Nor can new duties be charged in California upon such foreign productions as have already paid duties in any of our ports of entry, for the obvious reason that California is within the territory of the United States."

With the substitution of "Porto Rico" for "California," this statement of the situation in regard to tariff duties is precisely accurate to-day. The plaintiff in the case cited contended that the

duties collected were illegal because the laws of a ceded country, including those of trade, remained unchanged until the new sovereignty of it changed them, and this Congress had not done. This contention was rejected by the court on the ground that

"By the ratification of the treaty, California became a part of the United States. And as there is nothing differently stipulated in the treaty with respect to commerce, it became instantly bound and privileged by the laws which Congress had passed to raise a revenue from duties on imports and tonnage. . . . The sovereignty of a nation regulates trade with foreign nations, and none can be carried on except as the sovereignty permits it to be done. In our situation, that sovereignty is the constitutional delegation to Congress of the power 'to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes.'"

We presume it will not be contended that the war with Spain still continues, and if it does not, the government of Porto Rico is no longer a military government, but a provisional or de-facto government such as prevailed in California after peace was declared. That, be it remembered, was composed of military officers, and its personnel was not changed by the termination of the war. But its nature was changed, and from the moment the treaty of peace was published, the Constitution of the United States came into effect in all territory ceded to it. The principle is declared by the court to be established that

"The ratification of the treaty made California a part of the United States, and, as soon as it became so, the territory became subject to the acts which were in force to regulate commerce with the United States, after those had ceased which had been instituted for its regulation as a belligerent right."

That principle is the only one that can be admitted to-day as either law or common sense.

CUBAN RENOVATION.

Nearly nine months have passed since the control of Cuba was taken over from Spain by the American officers appointed to be in charge of the temporary military government. Many details of their work and plans have been made public from time to time, but the first comprehensive and official account of what has been done in the Department of Havana we have only now in the "Annual Report" of Gen. Ludlow, its Military Governor. It is for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899, though many of the statistics are brought down a month or two later. Making every allowance for official optimism, for possible exaggeration at one point or another, for mistakes ignored and friction passed over, it is a wonderful record. Intelligence, energy, and honesty were never more advantageously seen at work; and the entire achievement is a striking tribute to the efficiency of our officers and men, and of the cooperating Cubans, to

whose labors are due the magic transformation of Havana.

First and foremost comes the sanitary rescue of the city. Long a monument of hygienic neglect and a pest-hole in summer, it had become in 1897 and 1898, through the horrors of the *reconcentración* and the crowding of Spanish troops, a very antechamber of death. To make matters worse, the Spanish officials in the last days of their paralytic rule left off even their feeble attempts to care for the public health; they suspended the cleaning of the streets, abandoned the hospital service, and spent their time "gutting the public buildings and offices, including hospitals and asylums, stripping them bare of records, apparatus, and belongings, ripping out everything that could be torn loose, and selling everything, even infected clothing and bedding from the hospitals, that would bring a peseta in cash." The physical condition of the city, when the Americans took charge, it is not strange to find Gen. Ludlow describing as "frightful."

The task laid upon him and his able and faithful staff of officers (to whom he makes throughout the warmest acknowledgments) was both general and specific. They must attend immediately to the misery which moaned all about them. They must feed the starving, care for the neglected sick, rescue the remaining *reconcentrados* from their gutters and pits. Order must also be at once established, a vigilant and honest police force organized, and all the municipal machinery reclaimed from the wreck in which the Spanish had left it. These were the obvious and pressing duties, and they were discharged with great promptness and vigor, and on the whole with conspicuous success. In these general remedial measures there was, of course, involved a marked improvement in sanitary conditions; but a great deal of attention was given directly to the question of the city's health, and in what has been done to affect that so astonishingly for the better we have a veritable triumph.

Cleaning up and keeping clean was the single motto. Havana has been sitting complacently on her heaps of filth for three centuries, like another Tiflis or Omdurman. Under American occupation she has been scoured and disinfected as never before in her history. The result is that she is healthier than ever before in her history. Making the comparison with the normal years 1890-95, we find the general death-rate lowered, and, in particular, the deaths from yellow fever brought to a smaller figure than in any given period of the same length since official records were kept. Up to September 1 there had been only twenty deaths from yellow fever, as against a yearly average of nearly 400 from 1890 to 1895. And so prompt and sure had been the process of isolation

that not one case of the fever was known to have come by direct infection. Only three deaths from this disease had occurred among the 3,000 American soldiers; the Spanish troops had lost thousands, by pure neglect, as is now evident.

Gen. Ludlow is very cautious in drawing conclusions from the extraordinary success of this first campaign against yellow fever in Havana. Its results, he admits, while "immensely encouraging," are "in no sense conclusive." He recognizes, with the late Col. Waring, the fact that Havana can expect complete immunity from yellow-fever epidemics only after the adoption of "a complete sewer system." Still, the great value of a thorough and persistent cleansing of accessible surfaces has been demonstrated, and has a hundred times paid for the cost of the experiment. That the street-broom and the disinfecting spray alone should have reduced the Havana death-rate to about the normal for a city of its size in the temperate zone, and kept down yellow fever actually below what it has been in Key West, so that Havana is proudly quarantining against American and Mexican Gulf ports—this is the great sanitary feat which cannot overcome us like a summer cloud without our special wonder. As for the American soldiers whose skill and devotion have wrought the change, they have faced dangers, as Gen. Ludlow says of some of the officers of his command, "equal to those of battle," and they are as much entitled to the thanks of their countrymen as if they had won a great victory—as, indeed, they have.

We have not space to dwell on the other features of the report, important as many of them are. The best testimony to the success of the American administration of Cuba is the fact that its results are breaking down the native opposition which manifested itself so freely at the beginning. Gen. Ludlow writes in the heartiest way of the readiness of Cubans to help on the work of renovating their island, and there is plenty of independent evidence to the same effect. "What a change!" said *La Discusión*, the other day, in contrasting the appearance of city and people under American rule with what it used to be under the Spaniard. And that stoutest of pro-Spanish newspapers, the *Diario de la Marina*, could only say, apropos of Gen. Ludlow's recent order providing schools and teachers for the 35,000 neglected children of Havana, that it was a lasting reproach to Spain that such an order was necessary, and that it could not but be received by the people as a "bendición de Dios."

RAILROAD POOLS AND COMBINATIONS.

The question whether or not the Boston and Albany Railroad shall be leased to the New York Central is arousing

earnest discussion in New England, but it is of much more than local interest. There is apparently an opportunity to experiment in the ownership of a railroad by the State, owing to the option of purchase inserted in the original charter of this road, but the agitation in favor of exercising this option seems likely to accomplish little. The State of Massachusetts has experimented twice in railroad-building. It sank more than thirty millions in making a road under Hoosac Mountain, with very inadequate returns, and its connection with the old Boston, Hartford and Erie Railroad was in all respects unfortunate. The recollection of these experiences is so fresh in the minds of many people as to make them averse to any further experiments in this direction. The management of the Boston and Albany Road may be changed, but it will probably not pass into the hands of the State of Massachusetts.

The fact that a majority of stockholders are opposed to the lease offered by the New York Central Road signifies more than that they wish to get better terms for their property than are now proposed. Very strong reasons are advanced in support of the view that the property is undervalued, but they are met with arguments of equal force, and only the future can decide. Were it a mere matter of dollars and cents, the lease would probably be accepted. But there is a good deal of sentiment in the matter. The Boston and Albany Road is peculiarly a Massachusetts road, very little of it lying outside of the State, and there is a genuine reluctance to have the management pass out of the State. Very possibly there might be some improvements in the operation of the road under a different management, but there is a strong feeling in favor of having the direction of a railroad in the hands of citizens of the State in which it lies. When directors are residents they are influenced much more by public opinion than when they are absent. "Absentee" landlords have been the cause of endless mischief and complaint in Ireland and elsewhere, and absentee ownership of railroads has in many of our States made trouble. The people of the newer States have been persuaded, rightly or wrongly, that they were being exploited by Eastern and foreign capitalists, who cared for nothing except large returns on their investments, and they have countenanced a great deal of hasty and pernicious legislation. They knew that they might hurt themselves, but they were indifferent to that, provided they could hurt the absent capitalists. In some States, certain railroads are bitterly hated because it is believed that the interests of other communities are more favored by the managers, and legislative corruption is sure to arise under such conditions.

We do not mean to suggest that the

managers of the New York Central Road would discriminate against Massachusetts interests. It would be presumptively for their advantage to make as much as they could out of their lease, and if they failed to encourage local industries they would lose by it. The New York Central Road has itself been carried through several hard struggles by means of its local business, and the Boston and Albany Road depends much on this traffic. But there is always the possibility that some outside exigency, some remote purpose, may compel a disregard of the interests of Massachusetts, if the management of the Boston and Albany Road be in the hands of men whose principal interests lie elsewhere. It is within the bounds of possibility that rate-wars may break out between the trunk lines. Such things have happened in the past, and it is conceivable, if not probable, that they may happen again. The New York Central Road might feel obliged to carry Western freight to New York city at very low rates, possibly for less than cost. But for that very reason it might feel it necessary to obtain all the revenue it could from the Boston and Albany Road. It might keep up its rates there, to the disadvantage of Boston merchants, and reduce its expenses, to the injury of the communities along its line.

Such considerations affect the minds of some, at least, of the stockholders of the Boston and Albany Road, and they bring out clearly the mischievous results of the prohibition of pools or traffic contracts by the Government of the United States. These prohibitions are intended to stimulate competition, but, instead, they stimulate combination. Traffic agreements continue to be made, but, as they are illegal, they cannot be very definitely formulated, nor can they be enforced if either party chooses to violate them. Yet such agreements are necessary in the operation of a system of railroads, and the inconveniences of doing business illegally are so great as to make the consolidation of railroads imperative. The New York Central Road, for instance, wishes to lease the Boston and Albany, because in no other way can it insure the continuance of its traffic agreements with that road. The United States Supreme Court has so construed the law as to make permanent traffic agreements impracticable. Were the law amended so as to legalize such contracts, it is quite conceivable that the two railroads might insure the attainment of those results which can now be obtained only by combination. Such an arrangement would maintain the present situation, which is not unsatisfactory in itself, but only in its uncertainty. The people of Massachusetts could then retain the benefits, sentimental or otherwise, of local management, while the through traffic could be conducted under conditions of permanent stability,

which would be as advantageous for the business community as for the railroads.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HERR QUARCK.

We were well content last week to print Prof. Münsterberg's letter without comment, feeling sure that our readers would discern the quality of his *soi-disant* German Liberalism, and his fitness to mediate between the democratic elements of this country and the Fatherland. His adroit extenuations of despotic attacks on freedom of expression in Germany could be felt in spite of their covering up with question-begging phrase or epithet. Who could rest satisfied with the summary, "Mommsen called Bismarck in a stump speech a swindler, and Bismarck brought Mommsen before the court"? Assuredly, not he who thinks the charge appropriate enough to the inspirer of the "reptile press" with bogus news and vile insinuations for his political ends. Or, again, is it a receipt in full to the truth of history to say that "Geffcken published the diary of the Crown Prince and committed by that, in Bismarck's opinion, the crime of high treason"? And what calm ignoring of English license to criticise the character and acts of the sovereign lurks in the inquiry, "Can these same intelligent Americans doubt that the protection against *direct degrading insult* is an organic part of every monarchy?" We italicise the assumption which is the refuge of tyranny.

That this is a habit of mind with Prof. Münsterberg appears in his treatment of our reply to his proposition that "to insult the President cannot be called freedom at all." We had asked: "Is it freedom when an editor is sent to prison for four months for commenting on the Emperor's speech at the opening of Parliament?"

"Certainly," rejoins the Professor, "that is not freedom; but, fortunately, it never has happened and never can happen in Germany. No one has ever been prosecuted for 'commenting,' if the word is not extended to include every kind of insulting attack or an infamous insinuation of mean motives."

It therefore becomes proper to consider the case of Herr Quarck, to which we alluded. This editor of the Social-Democratic *Volksstimme* of Frankfort was reckless enough to criticise in his paper the speech from the throne last December. We do not say "comment upon," partly in deference to Prof. Münsterberg, and partly because the immediate source of our information, a Liberal organ in Berlin, uses the word *kritisirt*. His criticism was not favorable—in fact, was very adverse, or *sehr abfällig*, according to our authority. This, to Prof. Münsterberg, connotes "insulting attack," "infamous insinuation of mean motives." Perhaps it does, in fact. At all events, Herr Quarck was promptly prosecuted for leze-majesty, and sen-

tenced, as we said, to four months' imprisonment. The infatuated man took an appeal to the Supreme Court, or *Reichsgericht*, which confirmed the lower court, and bolstered its decision with a novel distinction whose refinement is worthy of the schoolmen. We quote the text as we find it in the Berlin *Nation* of July 15:

"The Penal Chamber rightly proceeds from the fact that the Emperor, even when conveying the sentiments of the confederate governments, may at the same time be expressing in connection with them his own personal opinion; and the Chamber finds his purpose so to do expressed in regard to several matters touched upon in the speech from the throne. As the context of the grounds of judgment shows, the Court had especially in mind the two passages comment upon which (*Besprechung*) by the accused it recognizes as insult (*Beleidigung*), namely, the passages in which the discourse is of protecting the willing laborer against terrorizing, and of the anarchist propaganda. The establishment of the fact that, respecting these matters, the Emperor was at the same time expressing his personal opinion, and that the accused knew it, rests upon a weighing of actual circumstances and is not assailable in revision."

It would appear, accordingly, that a metaphysical process of no little delicacy is imposed henceforth on any editor tempted to comment on the speech from the throne as a mere parliamentary proceeding. He must carefully sift the topics so as to exclude such as by any possibility the Emperor might be expressing an opinion about, or might entertain an opinion about, or—who knows?—in the compliant imagination of judges appointed, promoted, and decorated by him ought to have an opinion about, in the interest of convictions under the statute of leze-majesty. Whether what is left would be worth commenting on *sehr abfällig* or otherwise, is highly problematical.

The best answer to such judicial subserviency in a country where neither press nor public assembly is free, is laughter, and a humorous correspondent of the journal we have cited indulges in it. "Bulgarus" he signs himself, as another writer liable to have the nine-syllabled "Majestätsbeleidigungsprozess" hurled at him signs himself "Junius" on the same page. Our *Paysan du Danube* humbly submits if it be not an indignity to the Emperor, and hence a species of leze-majesty, to impute to him the utterance of even some sentiments attributable solely to the confederate governments, so that as to these he becomes a mere mouthpiece. He discerns an interesting doctor's thesis in the query whether the court's theory of expression of personal opinion be valid if the speech from the throne is only read by the Chancellor; and again, whether the theory might not be extended to debate in Parliament on the speech from the throne. The latter consideration is, in fact, the touchstone of the absurd doctrine of "majesty" as applied to-day in Germany to luckless journalists. "Bulgarus" goes one step further when he suggests a possible lesion of that tender

article if the opposition press were prudently to refrain from any mention whatever of the Emperor's copious outpourings, including the telegrams to which, as Dr. Barth remarks, he more and more resorts, "often to the surprise of his ministers as much as of the public at large."

Prof. Münsterberg's humor, even as a German Liberal, doubtless stops short of such audacities as these. Its deficiency is, we apprehend, his greatest disqualification for the estimable mission he has undertaken of making two great peoples understand each other. Herr Quarck, with his more or less temperate criticism, may be, like Dreyfus, an unprepossessing champion, by suffering, of human rights, but the system by which he was convicted must appeal first of all to the risibles of any one bred to Anglo-Saxon freedom. In the laughter of the opponents of leze-majesty on both sides of the water we have the best hopes, not only for the ultimate emancipation of Germany, but for lasting good will between Prof. Münsterberg's native country and his foster land.

IN MONTENEGRO.

CETTIGNE, August 24, 1899.

Even in these days of world empires, the interest and importance of a country cannot yet be measured merely by its area in square miles, the number of its inhabitants at the last census, or the total of its annual trade. Montenegro is the smallest independent European state (leaving out of account the utterly diminutive ones), and its population does not equal that of many an American city, while its wealth is far inferior; but this little land maintained itself for centuries free from the Turkish conquest that had submerged everything about it, and Prince Nicholas and his people are no mean factors in the Eastern question to-day. A visit to such a country, and especially to its easily accessible capital, is well worth the while of the inquisitive traveller.

Montenegro, Tchernagora, is supposed to get its name of "Black Mountain" from the dark, forbidding aspect of the ranges which make up its territory. This statement, like most, has been doubted of late, for the mountains, though barren, are not particularly black—not more so than others about them. Still, they seem bleak enough as one approaches the port of Cattaro and sees them towering up from the water. Cattaro, which is situated on one arm of the splendid bay of that name, although it is the natural and much coveted harbor of the Montenegrins, has long been the property of foreigners—for centuries of the Venetians and now of Austria, which guards it with jealous care. On the hills and spurs about, one sees the Austrian forts, and it is said that the high road leading upward has been made with unnecessary windings, so placed as to expose it again and again to a raking fire from the batteries. Cattaro itself is a picturesque little town of some two thousand inhabitants, the great majority of whom are Slavs, in spite of which it has an Italian stamp, obvious at the first glance and due to the rule of Venice.

Few will care to stay long in it, as there is nothing which even by a stretch of courtesy could be called a good hotel; but, when the Austrian Lloyd Company have built the one they are planning, the number of visitors ought to increase, as there are plenty of steamers from Trieste, Fiume, or Brindisi.

The carriage ride to Cettigne lasts about six hours, allowing for an hour on the way to rest the horses. The distance can be covered in a shorter time on horseback or on foot, but one gets the finest views from the main road. Following the windings, we rise slowly, the panorama spreading out broader and broader. The town lies directly beneath us; the five different arms of the bay, the Bocche di Cattaro, come gradually all into sight; then, beyond the steep hills that divide and almost enclose them, stretches out the bright blue of the Adriatic. The green line of vegetation is far below; above and about are the bare masses of the mountains. As we gaze, we agree with Baedeker in calling the view one of the finest in Europe. The frontier here is marked by a couple of posts connected by a line of stone paving which runs diagonally across the road. After passing it, and the line of the watershed somewhat higher up, we soon reach the town (village might be a more appropriate term) of Niegosh, the cradle of Montenegrin independence and the birthplace of the present prince. Here, as we stop to feed the horses and pass without trouble through the custom-house, we get our first glimpse of the famous mountaineers. After this, the road rises again for a time. We are in full sight of the mountain chapel of Prince Peter I., who is regarded as a national saint. At one point we can look far into the interior at the Lake of Scutari and the mountains of Albania; then we descend again rapidly into a little plain, at whose further end lies the capital.

Cettigne is situated 730 metres above the level of the sea, in a valley most of which is under cultivation. The town has a broad main street, lined with a few rather sickly trees. The houses, some of which are white-washed and a few covered with stucco, are almost all of stone, and roofed with red tiles, made, to judge from the marks I saw on one, in Venice. Most of these edifices have but one story, very few more than two. The general appearance of the place is unpretentious and picturesque. The palace of the Prince is a fair-sized house; the ministries are in quarters which, from the outside, would never suggest their exalted use, and the churches are very diminutive. Except for the massive solidity of its building material, Cettigne is rather like a German country town. A capital it is, however, with all the appurtenances of one—a government, foreign representatives, a museum, and a pleasant little theatre, housing also a club-room;—with papers, including an official organ (this country knows no "Opposition"); there is even a fairly good hotel. Only two buildings are of a size to attract attention—one, the barracks, which has quarters for the whole garrison; the other, the Austrian legation, a new, handsome house, with a chapel attached, and far more pretentious than anything else in the place. Of course, it would never do for long to let the Austrian representative have so much more imposing an establishment than any other; accordingly, the Russians are to build a new legation which will doubtless be its equal, while the simplicity of the Prince's resi-

dence will be more marked than ever. Thanks to this metropolitan activity, the population of Cettigne has so much increased of late years as to be now well over 3,000, and work is in progress on several new buildings of different sorts.

Interesting as the aspect of the country is, the real thing one comes to Montenegro to see is the Montenegrins, and, I think, no disappointment awaits the traveller. To me, at least, they appear the finest looking race of men (among whites) that I have ever seen. Most of them are tall, though there are numerous exceptions, but, tall or short, they are straight as arrows, and the fine, clear-cut features, the lazy grace of motion, the perfect ease of bearing bespeak a people of born warriors, proud of their traditions, aristocratic and democratic at the same time; men who command admiration at once, even if we must admit that these same tokens indicate a folk not given to over much toil in every-day life. The national dress, which has been copied in the uniform of the soldiers, is very becoming. It consists of a little wadded silk skull-cap that does not seem much protection for the head; a tight-fitting crimson jacket, separated from the baggy blue trousers by a brilliant sash, from which sticks out a big pistol or two; white gaiters, with soft shoes of the same color, in the case of the peasants, whereas the townsmen and soldiers wear ordinary boots. The total is a costume of red, blue, and white, the national colors in the order observed on the flag. In colder weather we find among the peasantry (judging from what little I have seen) long coats of the white felt common in the clothes of many Slav peoples; but, with or without the coat, the first extra covering put on is a narrow black or brown shawl of rough wool, with tassels eighteen inches in length at each end. This the Montenegrin, throwing it carelessly over his shoulders, wears with all the graceful ease that an Arab does his burnous; but to the clumsy foreigner the handling of this stiff garment is not as simple as it looks. As for the women, they are in the main what one would expect under the circumstances. Not being called upon to fight in time of war, they cannot lounge around in time of peace. Hence one sees fewer of them about, their dress is less noticeable, and, as in other countries where they have much manual labor to perform, they get old prematurely, and one is struck by the apparent absence of young women to fill the gap between those of middle age and the mere girls. Some of these girls, indeed, have superb features, so that the beauty of the race cannot be said to be confined to one sex, however evanescent it may be in the other.

Montenegro has certainly made great progress in the last generation, and a good share of the credit for this belongs to the present Prince, who has now reigned for nearly forty years. As he was educated in Paris, he has the cultivation of the West without having lost the intensely national spirit, and in two wars he has shown that he inherits the courage of his ancestors, thereby earning the title without which no respect could be complete in this land of warriors. He has governed with a paternal despotism that his subjects understand and that is suited to them; he has maintained order, established a written code of laws, and formed a standing army; he has built roads, bridges, schools, and he has even earned a

distinguished place as a national poet. No wonder that his popularity is great and not confined to his own dominions. Not many years ago Alexander III. proclaimed Prince Nicholas Russia's "only ally" at that time, and many are the Servians in their own country and in Austria who look on him as the hope of their future. His accessibility is shown by his well-known custom of hearing grievances and dispensing justice under a tree by the palace—a new one, alas! as the tree described by so many travellers was blown down last winter.

The ministries are mostly situated in an old building that formerly served as the palace. The Minister of Finance is a well-informed man with charming manners, speaking French perfectly, and much interested in the United States; the Minister of Foreign Affairs is said to have one of the shrewdest political heads in the Balkan peninsula; the Minister of War is a hero and veteran eighty-five years old, but still hale and active. The garrison of Cettigne at full strength is about five hundred men. In time of hostilities this country would put in the field a larger proportion of its population than could any other in the world—in fact, pretty nearly every one between fifteen and sixty would turn out, so that some fifty thousand men could be mustered for active service; not an enormous force in these days of great armies, but enough, from the character of the soldiers and the military position of the land, to count for not a little in the present state of the eternal Eastern question.

Cettigne is, after all, not the whole of Montenegro, nor even in the heart of it, being close to two frontiers. It is well worth while for those who are able, to see something of the life in the interior; also to cross over to the very picturesque town of the eternal enemy, Scutari, the capital of the fierce Albanians of the north, where European influences and costumes have hardly begun to penetrate. As we look from Rieka, at the Montenegrin end of the Lake of Scutari, across the waters at the mountains in the distance, apparently still higher and more forbidding than those we are among, and as we muse over the feuds that raged here for centuries and the untamed character of the people to-day, we feel far enough away from the modern industrial world. And yet a few hours more will bring us back to Cattaro, the newspapers, the steamer, and all the details of the most commonplace tourist travel.

ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE.

Correspondence.

LINCOLN ON MCKINLEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like very much, if it be not treasonable, to call the attention of the Rev. Mr. McKinley to a text for his next religious address. It can be found in Lincoln's address at Peoria, Ill., October 17, 1858:

"What I do say is this, that no man is good enough to govern another without that other's consent."

Yours truly,

MARYLANDER.

A PARALLEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: So much is being said about the unfitness and incapacity of the Filipinos for

self-government that the following from Southey's 'Life of Nelson' may not be without interest:

"Nelson knew that, by the Navigation Act, no foreigners, directly or indirectly, are permitted to carry on any trade with these possessions; he knew, also, that the Americans had made themselves foreigners with regard to England; they had broken the ties of blood and language, and acquired the independence which they had been provoked to claim, unhappily for themselves, *before they were fit for it*; and he was resolved that they should derive no profit from those ties." (Vol. i., pp. 56-7, ed. 1813.)

Speaking of the purchase of the sovereignty over Corsica by France, our author says:

"But when the four years were expired, France purchased the sovereignty of Corsica from the Genoese for forty millions of livres—as if the Genoese had been entitled to sell it; as if any bargain and sale could justify one country in taking possession of another against the will of its inhabitants, and butchering all who oppose the usurpation! Among the enormities which France has committed, this action seems but as a speck; yet the foulest murderer that ever suffered by the hand of the executioner, has infinitely less guilt upon his soul than the statesman who concluded this treaty, and the monarch who sanctioned and confirmed it. A desperate and glorious resistance was made; but it was in vain; no Power intervened in behalf of these injured islanders, and the French poured in as many troops as were required. They offered to confirm Paoli in the supreme authority only on condition that he would hold it under their government. His answer was, that 'the rocks which surrounded him should melt away before he would betray a cause which he held in common with the poorest Corsican.' This people then set a price upon his head." (*Idem*, pp. 103-4.)

How well this describes the situation in the Philippines! When will our psalm-singing William set a price on Aguinaldo's head?

A. Y.

EXTENUATIONS OF TREASON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Those people who like to have precedents for verdicts, pardons, and the like have been much disconcerted over the Dreyfus verdict, which pronounced the prisoner guilty as a traitor, but with extenuating circumstances. Such persons will be interested to know that a similar verdict was rendered by an Irish coroner's jury sitting on the body of a man who had been killed in a Donnybrook Fair ruction. The verdict was: "The deceased met his death by the visitation of God under suspicious circumstances."

JOS. V. COLLINS.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
STEVENS POINT, WISCONSIN.

THE FORT PILLOW MASSACRE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of September 7, under the head of "Notes," you briefly allude to the article in *Harper's Magazine* glorifying Gen. Forrest, which asserts that the unfortunate negroes who lost their lives at Fort Pillow virtually committed suicide. You state in that connection that the "author will have to reckon with criticism" for declaring that the "massacre at Fort Pillow was no massacre." Let us begin the "reckoning" in the *Nation*, so fully recognized as a medium for fair criticism.

I wish to premise by saying that I long since came to the conclusion that, in point of ability, Gen. Forrest was perhaps the most

brilliant example brought to the front during the epoch-making period of the civil war. That an illiterate slave-trader, without education or experience in war, could accomplish what he did, is ample evidence of his capacity. So far as I know, he was the first commander on either side who broke away from the old cavalry traditions, and put to proper use mounted men in such a war and such a country. From his first conflict, where he was captain, to his last, where he was lieutenant-general, his ability and courage were transcendent. I find no fault with any eulogy upon Gen. Forrest's reputation as an able cavalry leader—indeed, I regard him as among the greatest military commanders in a broad sense, and that, too, from sheer force of native ability.

But his career does not prove him a saint or gentle in his manners. The very savagery and intensity of his temperament, while it contributed to his efficiency, rendered him of all men both able and willing to enforce the barbarous decrees of his superiors relating to negro troops. Let us for a moment turn to the record for a sample or two of the orders alluded to.

War Records, Serial No. 118, page 940, shows a joint resolution passed by the Confederate Congress, and approved by their President, May 1, 1863, using this language:

"Every white person who is a commissioned officer, or acting as such, who shall command negroes or mulattoes, or shall aid them in any military enterprise, shall be put to death."

At or near Charleston, S. C., Gen. Mercer made a negro capture in the fall of 1862 in what he termed "abolition uniform." He referred the matter to Gen. Beauregard, suggesting some "terrible punishment." The latter, on November 17, 1862, referred the matter to the Confederate War Department for instructions as to a line of policy. It was found in the rebel archives, with the following Christian legend upon it:

"Respectfully referred to the President. With his concurrence my decision is that the negro be executed as an example."

"J. A. S.,
"Sec'y War."

(War Records, Serial No. 117, page 946.)

In volume 22, on page 965, of the same work, will be found a long letter of instructions from Secretary Seddon, in which occurs the following gentle reference to officers in command of colored troops:

"The latter [officers] had better be dealt with red-handed on the field, or immediately thereafter."

I assert that there was nothing about this ignorant, rough, but able Gen. Forrest, who followed for years the occupation of selling wives from husbands and children from mothers, which would render him unwilling or unlikely to enforce the cruel policy of his President, and that his splendid energy, superb courage, and field of operation gave him ample opportunity. Let us refer to the actual details of Fort Pillow. I refrain from quoting anything but Confederate authority. Gen. Forrest says in his report (on page 610, part i., of vol. 32, War Records) as follows:

"The river was dyed with the blood of the slaughtered for 200 yards. It is hoped these facts will demonstrate to the Northern people that negro soldiers cannot cope with Southerners."

It was no creek, or "branch," remember, which was "dyed with the blood of the slaughtered," but the mighty current of the Mississippi.

The author would have us believe that because only 60 per cent. of the garrison were struck, they suffered only the fair chances of battle, and cites in a footnote a similar percentage as to a total of killed and wounded at other places. In any other action the author can cite, he will find about one killed in five or six who were hit. According to his own figures, 221 were killed and 130 were wounded at Fort Pillow—about two killed for one wounded, not including the mortally stricken. This never occurred on any battle-field in the world unless a massacre and savage butchery was perpetrated after resistance had ceased. The statement given of the ratio of killed to wounded (2 to 1) proves everything ever claimed by any Northerner, and the attempt to prove the contrary by a total casualty list of both killed and wounded is an insult to common intelligence. Forrest says, however, in his report that 500 were killed.

A whole bookful of proof can be cited from Northern sources to prove the brutal and unnecessary slaughter at Fort Pillow, but I refrain from quoting it because unnecessary. Two killed on the field for each one wounded and the mighty sweep of the Mississippi "dyed for 200 yards," is sickening enough. It recalls the killing of a baby in its mother's arms because its father was postmaster, and the burning of men at the stake.

Yours,

L. B. CROOKER.

MENDOTA, ILL., September 15, 1899.

[We shall have occasion to touch upon this subject in our review of Gen. Forrest's newly published *Life*.—ED. NATION.]

FRANCIS DOUGHTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the review of the histories of the towns of Flatbush and Flushing contained in your number of August 10, some misstatements are made in regard to Francis Doughty. As Doughty was the first Presbyterian minister known to have resided in the colonies which now form the United States, and was also the first clergyman to organize an English congregation in the city of New York, he is a man of some historical importance. An account of him may be found in 'Early Presbyterianism in Maryland,' by the writer, Notes Supplementary to Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, No. 3. He is also mentioned in Emory's 'History of Taunton,' vol. i., p. 19; 'Plain Dealing,' by Thomas Lechford, p. 54.

He was not "the true type of an ecclesiastical adventurer." He was dismissed from Taunton by the ecclesiastical authorities for preaching the common Presbyterian doctrine about infant baptism, that the same covenant made to Abraham, "to thee and to thy seed," applied to the children of Christian parents of to-day. He was driven from New York by trouble with Stuyvesant, who opposed him, partly, at least, because Doughty's daughter had married Stuyvesant's political rival, Van der Donk. He left for Maryland, and there preached and enjoyed the religious liberty he failed to obtain either in Rhode Island or New Amsterdam.

J. WILLIAM MCILVAIN.

["Misstatement" is rather a strong word to apply to the remarks upon the

Rev. Francis Doughty in the review in question. True, he was a man of some historical importance, and he was also a man of marked personality, and it is only in the light thrown on his private acts as well as his public work that his character can be clearly judged. Let us see whether so judged he does not merit the title of a clerical adventurer.

Ejected for nonconformity from the Church of England, he became a Presbyterian, and during twelve years (1637 to 1648) he preached in five different communities, and came into collision with the authorities, civil or spiritual, in each. He was enough of a disturber to invite expulsion, call it persecution if you choose, from three of the colonies—enough of a worldling to claim the rights and control of a Patroon over his fellow-farmers, which Stuyvesant and his Council promptly denied him—enough of a self-seeker, eighteen years after his Flushing church had been closed by the authorities, to direct suit for arrears of salary before a court, which awarded what had been previously offered to him and refused, besides fining him his own costs. This is not the career of a meek martyr. It is idle to deny records of acts as misstatements, and then to censure the inference as to character drawn from these as a misjudgment.—ED. NATION.]

AND=AN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Readers of Mr. Winston Churchill's popular historical romance 'Richard Carvel' cannot fail to observe the very frequent use of *and* for *an* in its pages. In one or two cases the writer has not avoided ambiguity in this construction. Such a sentence as "He had done so, and she had not forbid him" (He would have done so, if she had not forbidden him) may easily be taken by a hasty reader of to-day, in spite of the punctuation, as categorical, and thus in a sense exactly opposite to that intended by the writer. Was this use of *and* so prevalent in Maryland a hundred and twenty years ago? It is a common error to misquote the old couplet beginning: "If *ifs* and *ans* were pots and pans" by putting *and* in the place of the second conjunction; but if Mr. Churchill's writing is true to time, and place, this would have been the more correct form in Maryland. And if the usage prevailed to such an extent in the second wealthiest and most highly cultured of the thirteen States, it is certainly strange that Webster has no reference whatever to it, either under *and* or *an*.—Yours respectfully, C. J. G.

CARPINTERIA, CAL.

[*An* is but a weakened form of the conjunction *and* in its conditional sense, and in speculating upon which form might have been more prevalent with R. Carvel's Marylanders, we may notice what Dr. Murray points out in the Oxford Dictionary, that, "except in *an*'t, *an* is found only once in the First Folio of Shakspeare; but modern editors substitute it for the full *and* usual in Shak-

spere and his contemporaries."—ED. NATION.]

THE TAX ON LEARNING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following experience of a physician of my acquaintance may be of interest to readers of the *Nation*. On his return, in 1892, from some months of professional study in Europe, he brought in a microscope, free of duty. In the fall of 1898 he went to Austria for further study, carrying with him the same microscope, of which he had made constant use. On his return to the United States in July, 1899, he was obliged to pay 45 per cent. duty on the instrument, though he had not failed to register it at the time of his departure.

Comment upon this incident would be superfluous.—Truly yours,

MARY WHITON CALKINS.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE, September 19, 1899.

Notes.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston, will publish immediately an *édition de luxe* of the 'Imitation of Christ,' by Thomas à Kempis. Only 150 of the 650 copies will be on sale in this country.

A. C. Armstrong & Son will control the American market for 150 copies of the *édition de luxe* (in 675 copies) of the 'Life and Works of Charles Lamb,' edited by the Rev. Alfred Ainger. It will absorb in its twelve volumes the twenty-one letters printed last year in 'Charles Lamb and the Lloyds,' besides other new matter.

Further issues from the press of Doubleday & McClure Co. are to be a translation of Edmond Rostand's early play, 'The Romançers,' translated by Miss Mary Hendee; 'The True Basis of Economics,' by J. H. Stallard; 'Tales of the Telegraph,' by Capt. Jasper Ewing Brady; and 'Stories of the Railroad,' by John Alexander Hill.

Funk & Wagnalls Co. will have ready next month 'Curiosities of Law and Lawyers,' by Croake James, and 'True Stories of Heroic Lives.'

For October, Macmillan Co. have in preparation 'Select Charters and Other Documents Illustrative of American History, 1606-1775,' by Prof. William MacDonald of Bowdoin College; 'The Men Who Made the Nation,' by Prof. Edwin E. Sparks of the University of Chicago; and 'Memoirs of the Rt. Rev. Henry Benjamin Whipple, Bishop of Minnesota.'

William R. Jenkins announces 'Shakspeare: His Critics and Lovers,' a perpetual calendar compiled by Carolyn Evans Huse.

J. B. Lippincott Co. will issue this fall 'Much Ado about Nothing' in Dr. Horace Howard Furness's Variorum Edition; and 'A Text-Book of Graphic Shorthand,' an adaptation of Gabelsberger, by C. R. Lippmann.

Brown & Co., Boston, will publish immediately 'Ralph Waldo Emerson,' by Edward Everett Hale, with two early essays of Emerson's on the Character of Socrates and the Present State of Ethical Philosophy; 'Birds of the Poets,' an English and American anthology, compiled by Lucy F. Sanderson; and 'Song Blossoms,' verse by Julia Anna Wolcott.

Ginn & Co. have nearly ready 'Old Eng-

lish Idylls,' by Prof. John Lesslie Hall of the College of William and Mary.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce 'The Martyrs' Idyl, and Shorter Poems,' by Louise Imogen Guiney.

The publication of J. C. L. Clark's 'Bermuda Book' has been postponed by C. de Hasbrouck, Boston, till next February.

Copies of Venable's Narrative of the Hispaniola-Jamaica Expedition of 1655 have recently been found in England. They throw new light upon that business, whence dates England's possession of Jamaica. Mr. Charles Harding Firth is going to print them as an Appendix to volume iii. of the Clarke Papers.

Having written the Life of Steele and having, as Dr. Richard Garnett says, in the August number of the London *Bookman*, admirably annotated the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*, Mr. George A. Aitken is now engaged upon a new edition of Swift's 'Journal to Stella,' of which no properly annotated edition exists.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have commuted their recent Cambridge Edition of Tennyson's Works into a reissue of their illustrated Household Edition of 1871, in larger type and with increased illustrations. Indexes to these, to titles, and first lines supply all reasonable demands, and the resulting volume is, in view of its legibility, remarkably compact. The woodcuts (for they are all such, happily) have a general harmony, and embrace both foreign and American designs, with not a few portraits and historic scenes.

A pleasant little contribution to town pride is 'The Litchfield Book of Days,' a collection of the historical, biographical, and literary reminiscences of that charming Connecticut town by the Rev. George C. Boswell (Litchfield: Alex. B. Shumway). Its calendar is not strictly of dates, for, where an incident of the day is wanting, any plum of anecdote is inserted. Interest is very much increased by a number of illustrations. Litchfield has had its fire and its blizzard and its dark day; and it has had and lost three institutions of learning—one, the Law School which John C. Calhoun attended; a seminary which had Mrs. Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher for pupils; and an academy at which John Brown studied. The Beecher family furnish a large contingent of the extracts which the editor has made with a sympathetic humor.

Quite strict and complete in its chronology is the Rev. Frederick S. Sill's 'Year-Book of Colonial Times' (E. P. Dutton & Co.); a pretty book printed on only one side of the leaf; but as if this might prove too dry, an "elegant" and more or less apt extract succeeds each incident. The selection has been judicious. We observe that Dr. Sill makes December 21 Forefathers' Day.

'Alphabets, Old and New,' by Lewis F. Day (London: Batsford; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), is a book upon a familiar subject, and by the author of several treatises on decoration. It contains a great deal of suggestive matter in the interesting art of letter-designing. This is kept well in hand, and the natural forms of the incised and the embossed character, of the pen-drawn and the brush-made lines and curves; are all rightly insisted on. Nor can the critic blame, in so mere a handbook, the confessed addition to an incomplete ancient alphabet of the missing letters; only we wish that Mr. Day had noted his additions. The admirable lettering of the Italian Renaissance and the English and German six-

teenth century deserves to be authenticated by the pointing out of what is Mr. Day's own adaptation.

A proposed series of volumes, to be entitled 'An Inquiry into the Art of the Illuminated Manuscripts of the Middle Ages,' has been begun by the publication of Part I., 'Celtic Illuminated Manuscripts.' This is a very handsome quarto, by Johan Adolf Bruun, printed in Stockholm, but published by David Douglas of Edinburgh. Nothing is said about the employment of a translator. The book consists of seventy not large pages, made up with wide margins for the obvious purpose of accommodating the three photographs from the pages of the famous 'Book of Kells,' and it contains also photographs from the 'Book of Durrow,' the Gospels of Lindisfarne, the Gospels of MacDurnon, at Lambeth, and the Psalter of Ricemarch, ten pictures in all. There are, besides, many large initials in outline and printed in red, presumably all drawn from important Celtic MSS. The text is supposed to tell what may be needed by the student about all these precious books, but it is with some annoyance that the reader discovers a complete avoidance of bibliographicalfulness, and finds himself obliged to go elsewhere for the plainest ordinary description of any of the ancient volumes most important to him and most insisted on in the very text before him. Actual number of pages, size of page, number of large drawings, size of drawings, relative size of the photographs furnished to the originals, number of large initials—none of all this is given, while abundance of enthusiastic praise fills up its place. One is inclined to take offence at the uncritical tone of this laudation, but finds better work in the earlier chapters, which deal in a more general way with decoration—geometrical, zoomorphic, and phyllographic, and with figure-drawing. There really is a critical note struck and maintained through the pages 5 to 25, and that is not a common virtue in a book of this character.

M. Ph. Sagnac's 'La Législation Civile de la Révolution Française' (Hachette) brings out impressively the complexity of the problems which the Revolutionary legislators, and particularly the Constituent Assembly, struggled to solve. Together these problems implied the reorganization of society from top to bottom, and all of it in the midst of exciting days like July 14, October 6, etc. Though they make up the drier side of the Revolution, they form its most significant aspect, to which picturesque riotings furnish merely a novel setting. M. Sagnac maintains that the most complex of all the problems lay in the condition of the legal system, or rather the lack of system, with the *droit écrit* in the South, a substratum of common law in the older France of the centre and north, and, added to these, the feudal law, the canon law, and the royal ordinances. No other diversities characteristic of the old régime stood more obstinately in the way of unification. If legal unity was to come, it must be through the royal ordinances; and yet, as M. Sagnac points out, their effectiveness for such work was weakened because they were necessarily adjusted to the existing framework, which was feudal. In his description of the legal development of France from 1789 to 1804, he tries to emphasize constantly the relation be-

tween social phenomena and legal changes. A frank partisan of radical measures, he finds that the Constituent, composed largely of representatives of the bourgeoisie, bitterly deceived the hopes of the peasantry in carrying out the promises of August 4. His book is provided with a full bibliography.

Mr. H. S. Jennings has made a more thorough study of the life activities of a typical infusorian, *Paramecium*, than has been made heretofore of any unicellular organism. The general results of this study have been already published in the physiological journals, but the important bearing which it has upon the psychology of these organisms is ably set forth in the last number of the *American Journal of Psychology*. To detail the life of *Paramecium* is to give tempting ground, it is true, for the inference to acute senses, memory, choice, social instinct, intelligence, and a whole host of higher mental attributes; but step by step it has been made out, by most acute experiments, that such assumptions would be entirely without basis, and that all this little creature's conduct, apparently directed though it may be by conscious motive, is perfectly accounted for by the simple generalization that, after stimulation of a certain sort, it first swims backward for a space, then turns over, always to the same side, and then swims forward. This little trick it performs in just the same way, whether it hits a drop of certain substances in front or behind, on the right or on the left; but, this done frequently enough, chance alone insures that in course of time such drops shall be escaped from, and parts of the liquid which are free from them shall be thickly frequented. This does not show, of course, that its one little reaction is not attended by some rudimentary form of pleasure or pain, but it does show that choice of reaction to different stimuli there is none. It is seldom that so clear a light has been thrown upon the descent of consciousness, or rather of conscious choice. The same number of the *Journal of Psychology* contains an exhaustive paper on Anger, by President Stanley Hall.

The *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* for August contains a beautiful reproduction of the portrait of Madame Puvis de Chavannes, née Princess Cantacuzène, made by Puvis de Chavannes in 1883, and now in the possession of the Société des Beaux-Arts. M. Pierre Gauthiez begins a series of articles on Luini, "connu, comme Dieu, seulement par ses œuvres," a painter whose appreciation has hitherto fallen, unaccountably, far below his deserts.

The Munich illustrated weekly *Jugend* presents, in the issue for August 26, a *Huldigungsnummer* in honor of the 150th anniversary of Goethe's birth. The number, which is of more than the usual size, contains two unpublished drawings by Goethe, and some nine pages of drawings (for the most part based upon Goethe quotations) by the Munich artists whose work and style are familiar to readers of *Jugend*. The letter-press, dealing also with the poet and his works, is made up of articles by G. Hirth, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, F. Spielhagen, Otto Ernst, and others. As a whole, the number is attractive and unique.

While the doctor's degree has been granted in course to a number of women

by German universities, a positive innovation has been introduced by the University of Halle (which has all along been the most liberal in its appreciation of the scholarship of the sex) by giving a woman the double degree of doctor of philosophy, and doctor of laws and master of arts, *honoris causa*. The recipient of this rare honor is Mrs. Agnes Smith Lewis of Cambridge. The eulogium correctly said that this lady is distinguished by her literary and scholastic attainments not only among the women of her own country, but among those of the whole world. The honor was bestowed especially in recognition of her services as discoverer and editor of the Syrian Gospel palimpsest on Mount Sinai, which she published with the assistance of her sister, Margaret Dunlop Gibson. She made no fewer than four journeys to the famous cloister in the interest of the publication. Mrs. Lewis had also the good fortune to bring to Europe the first sheet of the Hebrew original of the book of Ecclesiasticus, lost for centuries. Her scholarship and zeal compare favorably with the literary brilliancy of the clever women of the Renaissance period. The Halle innovation is all the more noteworthy as a theologian, Dr. Emil Kautzsch, is the present rector.

The National Central Library of Florence has just been presented by the daughter of Niccolò Tommaseo with all the manuscripts and letters of this eminent scholar, who died a quarter of a century ago. She has added the letters and books gathered together by her brother, also deceased, with a view to a new edition of Tommaseo's works. The letters addressed to the latter, sometimes accompanied by the replies, number 56,657, and make a rich addition to the Library's newly founded Archive of Italian Literature. Various time limitations are imposed by the donor on printing from the MSS., though they may be studied. Vieusseux's important letters to Tommaseo match the thousand or more letters from Tommaseo already owned by the Library, and are available at once.

—The *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for September opens with Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte's eloquent Phi Beta Kappa oration, last June, on "Our National Dangers, Real and Unreal." Nothing between the two covers is better worth reading; yet if intellectually it is much above the ordinary level of such orations, logically its head is of fine gold, while its feet are of iron and clay. It is in the beginning a terrific indictment of McKinley for his part in the Spanish war—by intently accusing him of assenting to it against his conscience in order "to assure his own reelection." It ends by enforcing the duty of every citizen to enlist in a war so ordered, and any war once voted by Congress. This shocking antinomy—by which all the patriots and the great poets who denounced participation in the Mexican war, are condemned—takes all the virtue out of the discourse. Mr. Bonaparte cannot well keep his hand in his pocket when the hat is passed for "a worthy memorial at Harvard" to the ten men who died in the Spanish war. If two had died instead of ten, perhaps the mass-meeting in Sanders Theatre on October 21 would not have been held, for there is a *reductio ad absurdum* even in hero-worshipping. And if the cause were bad (as on Mr. Bonaparte's showing), or the sense of duty a mistaken one (as must follow if Mr. Bonaparte was right), then

the greater the number of the victims the less occasion for honoring them, and the smaller the number the more satirical the attempt. There is, indeed, a fine irony in choosing "a hall for mass-meetings and debates" as the form of memorial, since never was a war entered upon by this country after less debate, with less knowledge of the diplomacy leading up to it, with less frankness on the part of the Executive; or conducted with more abominable censorship of the telegraph and the mails.

—Since our last mention of the progress of Bell's "Cathedral Series" (New York: Macmillan) eight volumes have appeared. These are devoted respectively to Lichfield, the smallest cathedral church in England, with its unequalled group of stone spires; Winchester, the largest of them all, and with the loveliest unaltered Romanesque architecture contrasting with sumptuous late Gothic; Norwich, whose charm is all but wholly interior, but with an apse and deambulatory and apsidal chapels which, without and within, surpass anything in the island; Peterborough, with the most vigorous and original, if not quite, as Ruskin thought, "the finest west front in England"; Wells, complete beyond other episcopal establishments, with lady-chapel, chapter-house, cloisters, bishop's palace, close, gateways, bridge, and old houses of the see, and famous for its ancient sculpture, mocked though it is by formal modern copies; Lincoln, with the earliest pure English Gothic vaulting, and, to many of us, the typical thirteenth-century English cathedral; Durham, in its unequalled position of commanding beauty, and holding still to some important adjuncts of porch and chapel, priory and cloister, such as not even Wells can boast; and Southwell Minster, small, quaint, and plain-looking, but full of admirable and perfectly applied detail. These eight books, all "edited by Gleeson White and Edward F. Strange," have been written by eight different authors, with the general result that the volumes are very nearly alike in the arrangement of their material and in the character of their illustrations. They differ widely, however, in the degree of critical acumen shown in the treatment of architectural questions. The value of the set, as the beginning of a truly critical study of English mediæval architecture, is, however, not to be doubted for a moment. The volumes should be read through by every student.

—An event altogether memorable in the annals of the stage in Norway, and of no little significance in the life of the nation, was the opening of the new Norwegian National Theatre, at Christiania, on the evening of September 1. Although the idea of a national theatre may doubtless be carried back to Wergeland and the period of the Norwegian storm and stress in the forties, the project first took active shape in 1877 by the appointment of a committee to collect the necessary funds. The State promptly responded by the presentation to the committee of the magnificent site of the new building, in the so-called *Studentenlund* in the very heart of the city, on its principal street and directly opposite the Storting. Down to 1888, in spite of the ardor with which the scheme had been received by press and people; very little had actually been accomplished, and the abandonment of the site for a less promi-

nent one had even been considered. In this latter year new life was put into the movement, and the site was formally accepted. In 1891 the soil was first broken, and in 1895 the exterior structure, a massive granite building of the Italian Renaissance, was essentially completed. The funds in sight, however, had been by this time exhausted, and the work for months was almost completely at a standstill. By a law of June, 1897, the National Theatre was made co-beneficiary with the Nansen Institute, the Restoration Fund for the Trondhjem Cathedral, and the National Museum at Bergen, in the State loan—in reality a popular lottery—whose surplus had hitherto fallen to the three purposes named, and received as its share half a million kroner. From this time the work has steadily progressed, with the result that not only one of the most spacious, but one of the most magnificently decorated and appointed theatres in Europe has now been opened to the public.

—The opening performance, which was attended by King Oscar, who has taken an active interest in the work and has presented much of the exterior sculpture of the building, and by Ibsen and Björnson, whose bronze statues stand in front of the still incomplete façade, was dedicated to Holberg, the classical dramatist of the eighteenth century, himself a Norwegian. A prologue of welcome to King and people was delivered by Fru Wolff, the veteran of the Norwegian stage, whom Ole Bull, in his search for material for the then derided national drama, brought, early in the fifties, from a little by-street in Bergen, and who has thus lived to exemplify in her own person the supreme triumph of the national idea. Gala performances were given on the two succeeding evenings. On September 2 the prologue was recited by Björn Björnson, son of the poet and the most distinguished of Norwegian actors, since 1898 the managing director of the theatre. This was followed by the performance of Ibsen's "Enemy of the People." On September 3 Björnson's saga-drama "Sigurd the Crusader" was given, together with a cantata in honor of the poet. In thus opening the National Theatre, Norway has again exemplified, if another exemplification were needed, the extraordinary liveliness of the drama so characteristic of her whole, later æsthetic development. The National Theatre itself, however, it may be pointed out, has a political as well as an æsthetic side. From this point of view it is one other phase of those nationalistic strivings that would leave Norway untrammelled to pursue her own life along her own lines.

FAGUET'S ANCIENT AND MODERN DRAMA.

Drame Ancien, Drame Moderne. Par Émile Faguet. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie. 1898.

What is the basis of Tragedy? To this question the ready answer might be Sympathy—a sympathetic indulgence in "the luxury of woe." But no, says M. Faguet, not in the least—the basis is malice, a primitive and depraved fondness for cruel spectacles. We seek out the mimic counterfeit of human suffering and sorrow, with the certainty that we shall not be called on to relieve it, and with the express

purpose of experiencing emotion. Surely there is nothing virtuous or sympathetic in such conduct; on the contrary, it is probably only a relic of the same gorilla instinct which makes some of us enjoy bull-fights and cock-pits, and others delight in funerals—which leads the bridegroom on his wedding-journey to entertain his bride (a kindred spirit) by reading aloud the freshest details of a hanging from some penny Shocker.

"But, says the man of sensibility, I wept when I saw 'Phèdre.' Did you know what the play was? Yes, I knew that it was a drama which presents suicide, jealousy, and murder. And you went on purpose to see all *that*? You are a wicked man! But I wept. That is no excuse for seeking out such a spectacle and paying money to see it. But I wept. And did you enjoy weeping? Yes. That takes away your last excuse; you have sought pleasure in the misfortunes of others, and you have found it; you have in you a spice of the gorilla."

When Mrs. Browning, as she tells us, in spite of Mr. Browning's disapproval, night after night visited the theatre and drowned herself in tears over the woes of 'La Dame aux Camélias,' she was simply relapsing into primitive barbarism; she was less "evolved" than her husband; she was showing that survival of instinct which is illustrated in the circulating library. "I want something to read." "Have you any preference, madam?" asks the librarian. "Oh, no; I want *anything* that will make me cry."

Tragedy, therefore, says M. Faguet, is based on the enjoyment which a man takes in observing the misfortunes of his neighbors when he is not called upon to help or relieve them; and Comedy has a similar basis. In Tragedy you weep at the misfortunes of your neighbor; in Comedy, you laugh at his mischances or his follies. There is only a difference of degree. No dramatist ventures to paint happiness pure and simple; "no dramatist pictures a honeymoon—at any rate, not until the honey begins to sour." To this malicious pleasure of Comedy, or to the melancholy pleasure of Tragedy, we may add another element in our analysis—the pleasure of reflecting and philosophizing, the "taste for verity"; and the most real thing in the world, says M. Faguet, with Schopenhauer, is misery, suffering, misfortune. The theatre, therefore, cannot be optimistic; "generous" it may be—it may have its nobility, its heroisms, and its heroes. But its pictures must be pictures of human miseries and follies, darker or lighter, more tragic or more comic, as the case may be.

M. Faguet's analysis is, at once, neat, piquant, and plausible; but it is neither adequate nor satisfactory; it is too simple; it makes no allowance for the different classes of spectators at a drama, and their different degrees of development, or "evolution," as M. Faguet would put it; it makes too little allowance for the complexity of their thoughts and emotions. As he himself well says: "We cannot leave at the door of the theatre that portion of ourselves which thinks and reflects, which is anxiously preoccupied with the great problems of humanity; . . . it is the whole of this complicated personality which the author who is behind the scenes undertakes to amuse." It is to such a complex personality that the highest form of tragedy appeals. In "Tamburlaine," or in "The Jew of Malta," the spectator may sup-

full with horrors; he will see whole massacres instead of the single murder of *Banquo*. But this primitive, savage exhibition of carnage, except upon the crudest listener, produces no effect but weariness or disgust. What are the really effective motives in "Macbeth"? They are all mental and psychological and moral. The picture of ambition, of temptation, of shrinking yet deliberate crime, of long-drawn agony and remorse—these are feelings and passions which we may all share, leading to a doom which opens, in possibility, before our own feet. *Macbeth's* relenting, his weakness, his remorse, his despair become ours. We shed no tears, we take no malign delight—we are thrilled with the pathetic sense of the perils and temptations of our common lot and destiny.

The interest in the theatre is really, at bottom, the same as the interest in an epic poem. The epos is a narrative of life; the theatre is the mimicry of life itself—the drama is an artistic picture of some selected fragment of life. Granted that the 'Iliad' reveals very truly that love of cruelty, that minute painting of our enemy's misery, which suits the savage taste; yet it appeals to many other faculties—the love of the marvelous, the love of adventures, of heroic achievements; in fine, to the sense of curiosity. The child likes to hear a story told; and it is to this childlike sense of eager curiosity that the minstrel of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' primarily appeals. It was from the great Homeric banquet that Æschylus served up his fragments in the form of tragedies. It is precisely such a Homeric fragment of life that Mr. Stevenson saw enacted a few years ago, in a sort of improvised opera, at the Gilbert Islands; the last surviving relic, probably, and the most vivid picture, of a variety of dramatic art which in its fullness and vigor can never be reproduced on the face of the globe. Starting close to the fountains of expression, it pressed into its service all the arts that interpret human life and thought and sentiment in the most natural and felicitous way. Rhythm, melody, the pantomimic dance—all these arts stepped in as handmaids to the dominant art of literature; and each took its place in an orderly harmony and subordination. It was not by any *à priori* theory that they found this grouping and subordination, but by a happy combination of chances which can hardly conspire together again. The same happy chance lent the service of painting and architecture, and set the picture of human life in an ideal frame, against the background of an Ægean sea and sky. Such a combination of felicitous circumstances, such grouping of obsequious arts ancillary to the service of the poetry of noble words, cannot, in the nature of things, be repeated. The spirit of the Greek drama survives to us; the beautiful body with which it was clothed we cannot now recreate. It can be born again only in the imagination of the scholar and artist who sits amid the ruins of the Dionysiac Theatre and looks across the water of the Saronic Bay towards the violet peaks of Ægina.

M. Faguet explains this in his illuminating introduction to the aesthetics of the drama, and he adds to his exposition an important corollary: The worst mistake that can be made is to assume that the drama represented in Athens was tragedy as the French conceive it. It was, in fact, partly dramatic, partly epic, partly lyric. To a Frenchman

familiar with his own stage, the most striking feature in a Greek play is its lack of action; and, according to his whim, he concludes that Greek tragedy is art in its infancy, or else he sets to work, by hook or by crook, to discover some traits of movement and action in Greek tragedy, or he settles down into a state of bored acquiescence. M. Faguet does better than this. He says frankly, if you take action in the modern sense, the Greek plays hardly possessed it, the Greeks did not seek it, they did not even care for it especially. Sophocles attains our idea of action in his "Œdipus the King"; but he drops it even in this play, and adds what appears to our taste the surplusage of closing lamentations. In the "Ajax" his hero commits suicide, and here, according to our notions, the play should end; but it is spun out, as we say, with eloquent rhetorical discussions as to the question whether the suicide shall receive the honor of a funeral. Doubtless the poet was carrying out traditions of construction which the scholar can fathom and which his fellow-craftsmen more or less consciously obeyed. The fact remains, and the fundamental explanation unquestionably is this: The Greeks did not demand action—the action could wait—they demanded and loved beauty, and they rested content in a beautiful scene, a beautiful piece of rhetoric, a fine descriptive declamation, however much it might clog or delay the action.

Another striking fact may be noted: so far as the plot was concerned, the Greeks did not demand the interest of curiosity. They could sit and listen with absorbing interest to a play the plot and issue of which they knew by heart. More than that—they bore with equanimity the detailed announcement of the plot in their programmes or prologues; in fact, the issue of the play in almost every case with which we are acquainted was thoroughly familiar to the audience. The reason of this surprising fact—so little to be expected, *à priori*, from a people so brilliant and mobile—was an historical one. By custom and precedent, the material of the play, the data of the plot, were, broadly speaking, prescribed beforehand by the myth on which it was based. The origins of their dramas obliged the Greeks to dispense with the titillations of expectation and conjecture which make so much the charm of our modern stage. On the other hand, a people so susceptible had compensations and consolations. If they had not those intricacies to follow and those knots to untie which give so much excitement and pleasure in "Denise," in "La Tosca," or in "Divorçons," they secured another kind of excitement by identifying themselves with the actor and following his fortunes with a thrill of sympathy. If they knew what was going to happen, the actor did not. The Greek spectator identified himself with *Hecuba* when she has just lost her *Polyxena* and is struck by a second blow of destiny—the news of the murder of *Polydorus*. Note, too, that it is only under the condition of the spectator's foreknowledge that the most delicate and effective device of the Attic theatre became possible—the device of "irony." That tragic *double entente* which, in the most subtle way, produced what we call a sensation in the theatre—which is so keenly effective in certain situations of the "Agamemnon," of the "Œdipus the King," of the "Iphigenia," and the "Medea"—depends absolutely for its pathos or its horror on the spectator's

knowledge of the future and his complicity with the mind and plan of the poet.

To an Englishman nourished on Shakspeare and the Elizabethan dramatists, the drama of Corneille and Racine is, we venture to say, more foreign in tone and color than that of Sophocles or Euripides. In reading or hearing it, he finds himself a stranger in a strange land, full of prejudices that are hard to overcome. Corneille wrote expressly with an eye on the Greek; he quotes Aristotle and observes the "unities." Yet an Englishman finds his unities more rigid, more enslaving than those of the Greek. "You say that your unities are in Aristotle," says M. Faguet; "they are not in Aristotle—they are in the French turn of mind." The Greeks imposed no unities; they simply observed them. For the French these unities became laws so absolute that it is a disgrace to depart from them. The poetic ornaments in which the Greek delighted, the French will not tolerate. "To tell the truth," says Voltaire, "of all the nations ours is the least poetic; the versified compositions in which we most delight are dramatic, and these should be written in a style which approaches that of conversation." "Would not a Greek have been amazed," says M. Faguet, "to be told that a man need be less of a poet to write the 'Antigone' than to write the 'Odyssey'?"

If, then, the French do not desire poetry in the drama, they desire action, rapidity, clearness—the reasoned chain of causes and events, leading to a climax—the logical evolution of a plot. They want no beautiful episodes, they want no character-painting which passes beyond the frame and limits of the drama. "The play is not a poem—it is a piece of reasoning." They give the plot a dominating place, they talk of the "problem proposed and solved"—language which belongs to the realm of logic. Racine, once his plot is mapped out, says, "Ma pièce est faite." Hence the play becomes a rigid chain, linking the premises and the consequences, and excluding everything else. Since plot is all-important, it is first of all necessary to conceal the dénouement, to keep it back and out of sight. The spectator is held by his curiosity; the moment it is satisfied, he vanishes, and your theatre is emptied. "Uncertainty," says Voltaire, "is the soul of Tragedy." No conception of the stage could be narrower than this. Marmontel and Voltaire despise the Greeks because they care little or nothing for the plot. Instead of the Greek taste for beauty the French substitute the taste for logic. They soon banished altogether the lyric element which makes some slight appearance in Corneille, in the "Thébaïde" of Racine. He dropped it finally after 1664, and Voltaire pronounces it "a relic of barbarism," in which the speaker becomes a "poet mal-apropos." He goes farther still. He pronounces his edict against the soliloquy, which is the last refuge and survival of the lyric element in the drama. He finds it unnatural, ridiculous, and inadmissible; and so, as a matter of fact, the actors began to cut the soliloquies in "Cinna" and "The Cid." So far does Voltaire, who is the incarnation of the French spirit, travel in that path by which the French drama deviates from its sources and its inspiration. He forgets that the theatre is born of convention and cradled in poetry.

With this passion for clearness and logic,

M. Faguet finds that his countrymen are likewise by nature inclined to make practical philosophers and moralists. This inclination tempts them to teach and to preach in the drama, to compel it to the service of impressing some moral lesson, or of promulgating some "cause."

"There are," he remarks, "moments of rest in the drama when the action sleeps—moments which the Greeks loved intensely, and which they filled with song, with meditation, with narrative. We fill such pauses with moralizing. . . . Our oratorical tendency is explained from the same source. The didactic spirit has made us orators. Our tragedians are professors of ethics possessed of genius; they are orators of the highest rank."

They are not rhetoricians, in an exact sense, like the Greeks, who pursued rhetoric as an art for its beauty. They are less in love with the æsthetic charm of morality and philosophy than with their practical application. So fixed is this idea in their minds that it leads to absurdities. Le Bossu and Mme. Dacier assumed that an epic poem was an apologue, designed "pour former les mœurs." To preach and to teach has been the province of the drama; the critics have supported this doctrine, and the playwrights have practised it from Corneille to Dumas fils. Voltaire, both as critic and as dramatist, illustrated this penchant. The dramatist is ready even to maintain a thesis. "How useful," says Diderot, "the theatre might be made by the Government in preparing the way for changing a law or abrogating a usage." What Diderot suggested, Dumas carries out. His plays are a propaganda of his opinions, and were designed, as it were, to prepare the public mind for legislation à la Dumas (for the *code Dumas*).

If we examine the playwright's workshop, we shall find that the French tragedian constructs his characters by a dialectic process, by grouping around a central trait certain other traits which are naturally associated with this. He produces, therefore, an ideal being, a chemical or mechanical synthesis. A real character, a triumph of genius, like *Néron* and *Polyeucte*—creations that may be compared with *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*—falls flat with the French public. What they delight in is a plot and a piquant situation. In short,

"the French dramatist can create, at rare intervals he does create and evolve, some grand character—no one in the world better than he; but when he reaches such a flight of genius, he banishes his audience. They do not, in fact, want grand tragedy; what they want is comedy with its finesse and cleverness. Nay, they do not even want the highest and greatest comedy—the comedy which, like Molière's, creates characters and draws from life itself. The greatest of Molière's plays are his *Tartufe*, *Le Misanthrope*, *Les Femmes Savantes*; and these are precisely the plays which the French public least understands and applauds. The great historic drama, the profoundest studies of history or of character, have been most slowly received, or have required a century of apology and exposition."

Such is the confession which our critic makes, and wherein we must heartily agree with him. He surely knows and feels his own literature better than we do; and when he says things of his own stage and of the French public which an Englishman instinctively feels and thinks, yet, from courtesy or self-distrust, hardly dares to express, we cannot hesitate to accept his verdict as final and authoritative; for it becomes cosmopolitan. On the other hand, he is no recreant or traitor; he can say of

"The Cid," which he has so candidly dissected: "If I may tell my whole thought, I go so far as to believe (perhaps because I am a Frenchman) that a play composed of this kind of characters is more likely to move the spectator profoundly than either the Greek tragedy or the English." The latter may give a cold "objective" pleasure—the pleasure of the connoisseur. Voltaire would say of *Romeo* and *Juliet* that they become "poets mal à propos." Is it more à propos to become lawyers and pleaders like *Rodrigue* and *Chimène*? "Je ne sais, mais je sais bien que c'est là le tour de l'esprit." And this French reason is really a final reason—for a Frenchman. May not we, who are perhaps closer, as we have just said, to the Greek drama than to the French, and who can follow "Hamlet" or "King Lear" with an absorption which is far from being the frigid pleasure of connoisseurs—may not we respectfully accept such an opinion as final, and, by steeping ourselves for awhile in the French spirit, try to feel thoroughly the grounds on which it is based? In doing so we shall find no better guide than M. Faguet. We should be at a loss to name any study of the æsthetic side of the Greek drama and the French so compressed, so valuable, so illuminating, so profoundly true, so delightful to read. It ought to be rendered into English; yet we should regret to see it lose the neatness, the piquancy and grace of its French costume.

Trooper 3809: A Private Soldier of the Third Republic. By Lionel Decle. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, pp. 300.

This book has a timely significance for the intelligent people of the world who are asking, What is the matter with the French Army? The French people staked their hopes on the regeneration of the army after 1870, when they had the woful conviction that, under the Second Empire, it had fallen far behind the German in everything which secures military success. Evidence from many sources has been coming to light showing that the regeneration was only skin deep, and that it is likely there would be another "illusion perdue" if the Third Republic should become involved in war with a first-class power.

The Dreyfus case has disclosed a stupid blindness in the supposed élite of the General Staff which has made them think they could save the "honor" of the army by the most dishonorable and criminal subterfuges to hide the shallow duplicity of a traitorous scoundrel, who used their prejudice against the Jews to cover his own acts as a spy by the conviction of an innocent man. Once the conviction obtained, forgery, subornation of perjury, endless lying, and shameless persecution of truth-tellers were used to continue the honor-saving, and to rebut the idea that a court-martial, acting on a countersign given by the Staff, could possibly be wrong in a *chose jugée*. A new consigne to a new court produces a judgment given in flat contempt of the findings of the Court of Cassation. It is only a new exhibition of the blind determination to stand by the original military judgment without regard to truth or justice. If the military authorities could have had their way, Esterhazy, in his rôle of spy, might have enjoyed complete immunity, so long as he could find some Jew to send to De-

vil's Island whenever a bordereau should accidentally fall into wrong hands. Most astounding of all, the men who were thus staking the "honor of the army" on the protection of the real traitor, and playing straight into the hands of France's great enemy, are those who have lived and thrived on the cry of *Revanche* since 1870!

Mr. Decle's book is one of several which have appeared within a few years, showing that, from the ranks up, the discipline of the French army is a brutal tyranny, which has grown in very large measure out of the maxim that a superior is always right and an inferior always wrong. It is a corollary of this that the *chose jugée* must stand, if discipline is to be preserved, whether the thing is adjudged by Sergeant Legros or General Mercier; a court-martial must affirm the judgment, or the prestige of the army will suffer!

Mr. Decle, being twenty years of age in 1879, was liable to conscription and to army service for five years; but, having a university degree of B.A., the law permitted him to volunteer for one year, and, on payment of \$300, to be free from other service. The theory of the law is, that educated men will learn all that is needful as private soldiers in that time, and, some of the duties of an officer being also taught, they form a body from which officers may be drawn, or which will give the state; as professional men, more valuable service than that of privates in the ranks. In practice, Mr. Decle found himself and the other volunteers handed over to the corporals and sergeants for instruction and discipline, very seldom seeing a commissioned officer. These non-commissioned officers were nearly all low bullies, utterly venal and corrupt, soliciting or demanding "tips" from the volunteers, and promising immunity from breaches of rules in return. If irritated, they had power to inflict degrading punishment on the spot; and any appeal to the captain or the colonel was almost invariably followed by an additional punishment for unfounded complaint of one's superior, without listening to the complaint at all.

An example will explain the matter. A corporal had begged five francs of Decle and got tipsy with it. In this condition he demanded five more. Decle demurred, saying that, being in liquor, the corporal would make a fool of himself and get both into trouble. The corporal punished him with a sentence on the spot of two days in the guard-house for disrespect, and ordered him on a tour of guard duty, out of his order, in place of a sick man. Decle tried to get to a superior officer, but the corporal threatened to make against him a charge of refusal to obey orders. There was barely time to jump into his uniform (being in fatigue dress) without furbishing up. Running to join the guard, he was a moment behind time. The captain of the guard reprimanded him, and he tried respectfully to explain. The captain said: "Shut up! Don't answer me; you are filthy, you dirty beast!" The lack of furbishing was a new crime, and, with contemptuous insults, the captain sentenced him to four days in guard-house, making six. "But—sir, I ejaculated." The reply was, "You dare to answer me! You shall have four days more. Step back into the ranks." In despair, and contrary to the advice of those more experienced, Decle wrote a formal appeal to the Colonel.

as soon as he was off duty. This was followed by the Colonel's order of the day, before he had seen Decle, increasing the punishment to twenty days. Then the Colonel called for the appeal. His was nearly a *facsimile* of the Captain's action. Decle was "shut up" and not heard, and ordered to go back and tell the Adjutant to put him down for ten days' more imprisonment for an unjustified complaint, the Colonel dismissing him with, "I will teach you not to bother me in future." So his mild effort to limit the Corporal's blackmailing ended in thirty days' imprisonment without a hearing.

Numerous instances of brutal tyranny on the part of non-commissioned officers show that Decle's experience was a fair index of the system in vogue. The horses were trained and groomed to make them spirited and efficient; the men were treated so as to crush their spirit, make them hate the service and loathe it, so that the author says: "Had war broken out when I was a trooper, I am quite sure that the first battle would have resulted in the death of at least three of our officers and four of our sergeants, and that they would not have fallen under the enemy's bullets." He acquits the majority of the officers of intentional wrong, but shows that their neglect of real supervision and their leaving everything to the sergeants and corporals was equivalent to coöperation in ruining the morale of the army as rapidly as possible. This, with the senseless prejudice against real examination into a *chose jugée*, made reform almost hopeless. Some changes for the better have been introduced with the change of the five years' conscription to three, but the author believes no important practical improvement has been made.

When Mr. Decle was released from his service in the ranks, he left France, and has had an important professional career as a civilian in the British colonial administration and African exploration. His testimony cannot be sneered down, and will be profitable study for army officers everywhere, as well as entertaining and instructive reading for the general public.

History of Scotland. Vol. I. To the Accession of Mary Stuart. By P. Hume Brown, M.A., LL.D. With seven maps. Cambridge (Eng.): University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1899.

Extreme clearness is the distinctive quality of this book, which, unlike most members of the Cambridge Historical Series, will, before its completion, run into a second volume. There is an obvious difficulty in judging the whole work, whatever it may be, from a single instalment, for *ex uno disce omnes* certainly does not apply to literature. Still, with the first half of a history before one, the total character may be pretty well divined, and we feel little doubt that Dr. Brown will conclude in the admirable manner which marks his beginning. We have emphasized his lucidity as strongly as we could by mentioning it in the opening sentence, and no virtue is so admirable in a general sketch. We may add that the volume is far from being an abridgment of Hill, Burton, and Skene, but supplements them at points, while throughout resting on original materials. A bibliography and numerous footnotes supply the reader with

the means of controlling the author or pursuing the subject further by himself.

During the past few years the Scots in Britain have grown somewhat restless under the popular tendency which prevails, to the south of the Tweed and the Liddel, to merge or efface their national annals by making them an appendix to "English history." Continental writers often show the same disposition. Now a decisive way of checking such a huge error is to put abroad a sufficiently large number of works which, like the present one, shall deal exclusively with the affairs of North Britain down to the death of James V. When the father of Mary Stuart lay dying, the news of his daughter's birth was brought to him, "and, in words that are variously reported, he exclaimed that the crown had come to his house by a woman and would pass from it by a woman." Save, however, for this divination, Scottish history is free from the taint of absorption in that of England till 1542 and after. In other words, Dr. Brown is here dealing with Scotland in her purely local and independent phase.

Just as, for purposes of space, the middle point of Scottish history may be reasonably found at the Reformation, so in the earlier of the two sections a convenient dividing line occurs at the commencement of the Stuart period. Dr. Brown allots not quite half his contents to the centuries which precede the accession of Robert II. in 1371, but his treatment of the ages which lie before that date will, we believe, prove more serviceable to the majority of his readers than his story of the Stuart family. Legend and literature have done much for the Stuarts who preceded the Union, as well as for those who reigned or "pretended" after 1603 and 1688; while the earlier centuries of Scotland are veiled from the knowledge of many in a dense fog. In explaining the scope and limits of his own effort, Dr. Brown says: "So scanty, indeed, are the materials of Scottish history from the invasion of Agricola to the death of Alexander III. (1286) that, if authorities be critically construed and theories be set aside, the following narrative is nearly as full as is justified by ascertained facts." It is for the residuum of fact which remains after the embellishments of Wyn-toun and Hector Boece have been stripped away, that Dr. Brown's sketch is especially valuable.

We have been much impressed by the part devoted to the historical geography of the country. In Scottish history prior to the Reformation two main episodes present themselves: the first is the consolidation of the different territorial units, the second is the contest between king and barons. After Dr. Brown has briefly discussed the subject of Roman occupation, he settles down to historical geography in three chapters, whose titles alone convey an idea of the process described in them: "Scot, Pict, Briton, and Angle," "Scot, Briton, and Angle," "Celt and Saxon." The first of these phases closes with the union of Picts and Scots under Kenneth MacAlpin in 844, the second with the battle of Carham whereby Malcolm II. conquered the vital district of Lothian from Northumbria, and the third with the accession of David I. (1124), concerning whose reign Dr. Brown says: "At no period of its history has Scotland ever stood relatively so high in the scale of nations." The gradual drawing together of Pictland and Dalriada, followed

by the opposition of a vigorous Alba to the Bernician Angles, is a theme which vies in point of symmetry with the consolidation of France between the reigns of Louis IX. and Louis XI. Next to it, in interest of treatment we have found Dr. Brown's very just and dispassionate account of the famous war of independence which Scotland waged under Wallace and Bruce.

We discover hardly any grounds for differing from the learned and able author of this work—certainly none of importance. We may observe, though, that it is unusual to reckon the crusade which Bernard of Clairvaux preached as the third (p. 74), and that on p. 129 Dr. Brown goes slightly astray in a reference to Spain. "Alexander III.," he states, "left Scotland a prosperous and consolidated kingdom. With the exception of England, indeed, no country in Christendom had in the same degree filled out its limits and welded its people. Spain had still Granada to conquer, and was as yet made up of five independent kingdoms," etc. Alexander III. died in 1286, and by that time the Iberian peninsula virtually consisted of only three parts, for from the death of Sancho the Brave (1234), and the succession of his nephew the Count of Champagne, Navarre had only casual relations with the peninsula, and in any case Leon had been finally united with Castille in 1230. On p. 74 there is a misprint of the eleventh for the twelfth century, and we have noticed a slight trick of style which here and there weakens the effect designed. Dr. Brown has a way of calling, quite frequently, some event or other "the most important," "the critical," "the determining," etc. His aim is simply to indicate its relative consequence, but the sequence of such landmarks is rather too rapid.

These very minor matters, and some observations on the policy of Edward I. towards Scotland (which would be a theme for general debate), are the only objects of our adverse criticism. Speaking at large, we have the most favorable idea of Dr. Brown's aim and performance.

Educational Aims and Educational Values. By Paul H. Hanus. Macmillan.

Prof. Hanus has, since 1891, been in charge of the department of the History and Art of Education at Harvard, where he has been very successful in arousing interest in the subject of education. Though of German origin and a student of German methods, he breaks with the German school system because it is based upon a division of social classes which it fosters by determining, at the beginning of the German boy's tenth year, his place and work in life. Prof. Hanus, on the contrary, believes in the fullest development of the democratic idea in education, and would leave open as long as possible the decision as to the future calling. He lays down, in the valuable and attractive book before us, three aims of the high school: (1) to develop interest and capacity (intellectual, moral, æsthetic, and constructive); (2) to give self-direction; (3) to teach the idea of service. He pleads for an elastic high-school course, affording, from the outset, opportunity of election, and becoming, in the last year, wholly elective. The classical preparatory course, as now understood, may or may not be completely covered by the subjects for which the school provides. If it

is not covered, the college should, notwithstanding, accept the graduate after four years of faithful study, and the elements of both Latin and Greek should be taught in the college, so that the student who wishes to pursue ancient languages in the university may not be prevented from so doing.

We sympathize with Mr. Hanus in his desire that our high schools should be practical, and we have read with much interest his sympathetic and persuasive presentation of his views. We agree with him in wishing to make generous provision for physical training, for manual training with drawing, for domestic science, and for a real commercial training. We share, too, his objection to the multiplication of special schools, such as classical high school, English high school, manual-training high school, instead of uniting the different kinds of instruction under one roof. But his theory seems to us to have its impractical side. It will not make a child a man to call him such. "Too soon," Wordsworth warns us, "thy soul shall have its earthly freight." It is not certain that the *spirit* of service will more surely enter a pupil's heart because the word has been often heard in the school-room. It may be undesirable that the pupil should have his thoughts directed too much to the question of the relative values of different studies. If the school undertakes to care for the whole nature of the boy or girl, it may prove unequal to so large a task. Finally, there is not time, in the four years of high school, for the pursuit of all the interesting things which we and Prof. Hanus should like our children to know. A congested course of study, and a series of dabbling efforts to learn many unconnected things, are serious dangers of the high schools of the present time. These dangers are keenly felt when courses are prescribed; would they not be increased were courses elective?

Insects: Their Structure and Life—A Primer of Entomology. By George H. Carpenter, B.Sc. Lond. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 1899. Pp. 404, fig. 1-183.

This is a really good book, and to call it a primer is scarcely justice, since it is by all odds the most comprehensive work of its kind published in equal bulk in the English language. Not only do we find a concise yet sufficiently complete description of the main structural peculiarities of insects, but also clear statements of their development, of their history in past ages, and of the change that has taken place since they first made their appearance upon the earth. Scarcely a point has been forgotten, from the embryo just forming in the fertilized ovum to the mature form ready to reproduce its kind. The histology of the various organs is sufficiently given, and their functions are always clearly explained; in fact, it is with a feeling of genuine satisfaction and approval that the portion of the book printed in large type can be read from cover to cover.

In his scheme of systematic classification the author is fully up to date, and, while most of our American authorities do not recognize the *Collembola* as ordinarily separable from the *Thysanura*, and do recognize other divisions in the Neuropterous series, yet these are matters of no very serious importance in a work of this kind. The strictly

technical portion is printed in a smaller type, and the effort has been to mention and briefly describe all the families inhabiting the Holarctic and Sonoran regions. Species are not treated except as illustrating some point discussed in the text, and life histories illustrate groups rather than individuals. This makes the book equally useful in all countries. There is a good index, and a list of 217 references to literature, which will be found very useful, but which might, under some headings, have been better selected.

Of the 183 figures, 102 are from the publications of the United States Department of Agriculture, and these are among the best in the book. It is no mean compliment that the British author has thus paid to the entomological division of that department in using so many of their cuts, all duly acknowledged; and the most gratifying thing is that it is well deserved. Of the others, 35 figures are from Miall and Denney's classic work on the Cockroach, and the rest come from other published books; few if any being original or prepared for this one. The printer has in general done his work well, paper and type being good; but the paper is dull, rough, and unsuitable for printing half-tone cuts. These are sometimes blurred and often flat, detracting somewhat from the otherwise satisfactory appearance of the book.

The literary quality of this "primer" is as much above the ordinary as the contents. We select from near the close the following striking passage:

"We walk over the hills, rousing the bee from the flower or the dragonfly from the rushes. The life of each individual insect lasts but for a few days, or months, or years. Yet these creatures are the latest links in a long chain of life which reaches back to a time before the mountain whereon they dwell was brought forth. To unobservant eyes the landscape seems enduring, but study of its features shows that it changes from age to age, changes even more rapidly than the insect-types which adorn it. Yet through the long periods of the earth's history the insects have been changing too, and the form of their bodies, and the history of their growth, teach us how to trace in some degree the wondrous unfolding of their branch of the great tree of life."

Reminiscences of the Santiago Campaign. By John Bigelow, Jr., Captain Tenth U. S. Cavalry, Author of 'The Principles of Strategy.' Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 188.

Captain Bigelow gives as the scope of his book "a narration of what an officer participating in that campaign saw, felt, and thought, with such explanations and suggestions as his observations and reflections prompted." He is a witness, not a prosecutor or an advocate. His task was a delicate one, for military subordination forbade personal criticism, and he carefully abstains from naming officers who might be responsible, when the facts which he narrates plainly show blundering and neglect somewhere. He begins with the journey to join his regiment when he was, at his own request, relieved of the duty of military instructor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He shows what difficulty there was in getting the regulation outfit for camp life, the lack of information as to the place where his regiment was, the clashing of orders between different staff departments, the want of equipment and supplies for his company when he joined it, the faults of the camp of rendezvous, the general igno-

rance of what was before the army, and the consequent impossibility of intelligent preparation for work.

Similar notes are given of the journey by rail to Florida, its want of system, vagueness of destination, and default of clear instructions; the shipping upon transports, the voyage to Cuba, the landing, and the campaign till the author was disabled by wounds in the battle of San Juan. If the reader shall say that this is a superficial view, telling only what a mere onlooker might see, Captain Bigelow answers that this is strictly the case he is trying to present—the lack of information, of knowledge of plans and purposes, of the topography, and of the enemy, which made the work of a line officer, through it all, like groping in a dark garret.

Of course, there is room for legitimate debate how far a captain in the line could be made acquainted with the objects, purposes, and plans of commanding generals. Similar debate may be had regarding the deficiencies and delays of every sort which may be the necessary accompaniment of a sudden organization of a great army of raw volunteers, in which the few regular troops were lost. The author disclaims any purpose to draw conclusions as to these points. He says, Here is what happened to me and in my sight; does this accord with any competent person's ideas of what the mobilization of an army and the conduct of a campaign should be?

We need just such authoritative evidence of what the actual facts were, seen from the inside of the army by an officer who had given public evidence of his zeal and capacity in the study of his profession. Capt. Bigelow has not only told a most interesting tale, but he has contributed valuable material for the comprehension and solution of the problems involved.

Observational Geometry. By William T. Campbell. New York: Harper & Bros. 1899.

Mathematicians and non-mathematicians have for generations been agreed that Euclid and Legendre do not furnish the proper introduction to geometry, but nobody has yet succeeded in producing any primer of the subject that is really satisfactory. Vast numbers of persons interested in education, but strangers to modern mathematics, consider themselves highly proficient in geometry, and fancy that they are amply equipped for writing an elementary text-book. In one thing they all agree: it is that the first steps in geometry should be observational. So far, they are doubtless right, but as to what course geometrical observation should take, how it should be directed to the strengthening of the geometrical imagination, and ultimately to the education of the logical powers, they are mostly not sufficiently well acquainted with geometry to judge. Whether or not Mr. Campbell belongs to this class of teachers, his book shows no trace of his ever having studied topology, or even having reflected much on perspective. It is surely one of the first principles of teaching that ideas ought to be inculcated one at a time. Now geometrical metrics, as every mathematician knows, involves the principles of graphics, and it is obvious that graphics, in its turn, involves geometrical topics, or topology, the doctrine of the modes of connection of the parts

of different shapes—which shows us, for example, that if a half-twisted ribbon has its ends joined to form a ring, and is slit down the middle all around the ring, the result is a large ring composed of ribbon having a complete twist. Hence to begin the teaching of geometry with metrics, as Euclid and almost all other teachers do, including Mr. Campbell, is to huddle upon the unfortunate child three different orders of ideas at once. Topics, on the other hand, being undoubtedly the easiest part of geometry, the part in which demonstration has the smallest part to play and observation the greatest, the part in which the pupil is most inevitably, easily, and almost unconsciously led from observation to generalization, and the part in which imagination is most evoked, would seem, on every account, the most suited to the child.

But even if we agree to beginning instruction with metrics, we cannot assent to the extraordinary entanglement of different conceptions belonging to metrics which Mr. Campbell's book, even more than others, offers to the bewilderment of the pupil. It should be remembered, too, that the pupil, however tender his age, has already been a student of geometry, in his way, before he comes to the teacher. He must have been so in order to find his way about the house, for example. Now it seems preferable that his new geometrical observations should be connected at the outset as closely as possible with those he has already made, instead of with such unfamiliar things as cubes and rectilinear figures.

Story of the Princess des Ursins in Spain.

By Constance Hill. With twelve portraits and a frontispiece. New York: R. H. Russell. 1899.

Historical opinion runs a good deal in cycles, and just now we all have a low opinion of Louis XIV., of his political ideals, and of his government. With this general condemnation the court life of Versailles is involved. Its splendors we call tawdry, and its ceremonies equally pompous and tedious, although, by the way, Saint-Simon never seems to lack readers. But, however much Louis and Versailles may be denounced or laughed at, there is no denying the presence in the royal *entourage* of some remarkable men and women. Possibly their strength of character was not developed by their place in this *entourage*, but many of their accomplishments may be traced to the kind of life they led and to the demands which it made upon them. Skill in conversation, tact, urbanity, acquaintance with current politics, and diplomatic finesse became the stock in trade of the Versailles courtier, and over these solid attainments was spread a charming insouciance of manner. Women equalled or even surpassed men in their command of court gifts and graces; sometimes they grew to be adepts in the art of practical politics. It is concerning one of these elegant, capable, and political ladies that Miss Hill writes in her memoir of Mme. des Ursins.

The personal element is stronger, on the whole, in the present narrative than the political; otherwise the sketch might be called for its second title "An Episode in the War of the Spanish Succession." Even as it is, a marked historical strain blends with the biographical. This fact is at once apparent

when we regard the chronological limits of the study. Miss Hill begins her sketch only at the moment when Louis XIV. placed the Duke of Anjou on the Spanish throne, and began his quest for the right person to act as Camerara-Major to his queen, Maria Louisa of Savoy. At the time she received her important appointment, Mme. des Ursins was fifty-nine years old, wise as a serpent in the ways of the world, and imbued with the governmental principles of Versailles. She had already lost two noble husbands, the Prince de Chalais and the Prince Orsini, was past the age when she might be swayed from political duty by marital considerations, and yet kept the fullness of her physical vigor. The situation was one of extreme simplicity. Philip V. would beyond a doubt be governed by his wife, and it only remained to provide some confidante who would govern the Queen in the French interest. The decision of such a grave point rested with Mme. de Maintenon, and she nominated her friend Mme. des Ursins.

The situation developed itself according to expectation, except that now and then the Camerara-Major inclined towards the advantage of Spain rather than towards that of France. The main point, however, regarding the lady herself is that she was a true product of the Versailles social system, transplanted to Spain, where, amid much trouble and many hostile plots, she held her own for a long period. Her wit, dignity, and knowledge of the world made Maria Louisa her slave; she lighted the King to bed and handed him his slippers in the morning; she attached a large number of the Castilian nobles to her party, and she even dared grapple with the officials of the Holy Inquisition. The latter never forgave her interference, and, when Alberoni plotted her downfall in 1714, he found a serviceable ally in the Grand Inquisitor, Cardinal Gualdiz.

We cannot think that Miss Hill adds very much to what François Combes has said of Mme. des Ursins's political gifts and administration. She had a good grasp of statecraft and a large share of intelligence, but true principles of government she hardly practised at all. She was certainly placed in an awkward position by a series of campaigns which, for the time, almost destroyed Spanish agriculture and commerce; still, she gave less proof of high organizing capacity than a born ruler would have done, for the times of emergency in which she acted were also times of personal opportunity. The two most striking features of Miss Hill's book are her description of Mme. des Ursins's triumph at Versailles in 1705, after her temporary disgrace, and her account of the plot by which Alberoni succeeded in ousting her from Madrid altogether. The latter incident deserves a little notice.

On the death of Maria Louisa, Alberoni began scheming for a marriage between Philip and Elizabeth Farnese. As a native of Parma and a friend of Rocca, its Prime Minister, he knew how eagerly such a promotion would be welcomed there. The one thing needful was to persuade Mme. des Ursins, in whose hands the decision eventually lay, and this rather difficult end was accomplished by representing Elizabeth as a meek and waxy personage—Elizabeth Farnese of all others in the eighteenth century!

"The priest and the lady entered one day

into conversation on the subject of the choice of a new Queen. The wily Italian, well knowing the qualities that Mme. des Ursins would look for, observed, 'You must find a lady who is quiet and docile, and not likely to interfere in State affairs.' 'Where shall we discover such a person?' asked his companion. Alberoni ran through the royal families of Europe, and then, as if by accident, carelessly mentioned Elizabeth Farnese, daughter of the late Duke of Parma, adding, with the same tone of simplicity and indifference: 'She is a good girl; plump, healthy, and well-bred; brought up in the petty court of her uncle, Duke Francis, and accustomed to hear of nothing but needle-work and embroidery.'"

Mme. des Ursins, with her splendid knowledge of men, women, and political intrigue, was thus beguiled at a moment when she held the position completely. Elizabeth Farnese secretly stipulated with Philip before marriage for her disgrace, the King tamely agreed, and the new Queen's first act on reaching Spain was to send the veteran Camerara-Major across the border into France under a military escort.

This volume is a graceful piece of biography, not pretending to be over-learned, but interweaving a fair share of historical context with the personal vicissitudes of an accomplished and resourceful woman. We miss from Miss Hill's bibliography of the works upon which she has based her delineation of Mme. des Ursins the special articles of Maldonado Macanaz and E. Bourgeois, to say nothing of Baudrillart's 'Philippe V. et la Cour de France.' We imagine, too, that she glosses over matters somewhat in her brief reference to the relations of Mme. des Ursins and Daubigny. Still, these, like a few misprints which we have noticed, cannot be called grave blemishes upon an agreeable and entertaining essay.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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 Allen, Grant. *A Splendid Sin*. New York: F. M. Buckles & Co.; London: F. V. White & Co. \$1.
 Baden-Powell, B. H. *Origin and Growth of Village Communities in India*. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., New York: Scribners. \$1.
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 Bloundelle-Burton, J. *A Bitter Heritage*. D. Appleton & Co.
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 Conn, Prof. H. W. *The Story of the Living Machine*. D. Appleton & Co.
 Orelight, Rev. M. *Queen Elizabeth*. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.
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 Devecmon, W. C. *In Re Shakespeare's "Legal Acquirements"*. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; New York: The Shakespeare Press.
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